

THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

CORRECTED FROM THE LATEST AND BEST
LONDON EDITIONS, WITH NOTES, BY
SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
A GLOSSARY
AND THE
LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

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THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.
VOLUME SEVENTH.

Containing

TIMON OF ATHENS, || CYMBELINE,
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, || KING LEAR.
TITUS ANRONICUS,



TIMON OF ATHENS.

A 3

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Timon, a noble Athenian.

Lucius,
Lucullus,
Sempronius, } Lords.

Apemantus, a Philosopher.

Alcibiades.

Flavius, Steward to *Timon*.

Flaminius,
Lucilius,
Servilius, } *Timon's* Servants.

Caphis,
Varro,
Philo,
Titus,
Lucius,
Hortensius, } Servants.

Ventidius, one of *Timon's* Friends.

Cupid and Maskers.

Strangers.

Phrynia,
Timandra, } Mistresses to *Alcibiades*.

Thieves, Senators, Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant: with Servants and Attendants.

Scene, Athens ; and the Woods not far from it.



TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Athens.

A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant at several doors.

Poet. GOOD day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long: How goes the world?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows,

Poet. Ay, that's well known:

But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; the other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,

To an untirable and continue goodnes:

He passes.

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's see't: for the lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate: But, for that—

Poet. When we for recompence have prais'd the vile
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good form. [*Looking on the jewel.*]

Jew. And rich : here is a water, look you.

Pain. You are rapt, fir, in some work, some dedication

To the great lord.

Poet. A thing flipt idly from me.

Our pœsy is as a gum, which oozes

From whence 'tis nourished : The fire i' the flint

Shews not, till it be struck ; our gentle flame

Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies

Each bound it chafes. What have you there ?

Pain. A picture, fir. When comes your book forth ?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, fir.

Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis : this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable : How this grace
Speaks his own standing ? what a mental power
This eye shoots forth ? how big imagination
Moves in his lip ? to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch ; Is't good ?

Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors nature : artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd !

Poet. The senators of Athens ;—Happy men !

Pain. Look, more !

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of
visitors

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment : My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax : no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold ;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on



Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I'll unbolt to you.

You see, how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality) tender down
Their services to lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself; even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: The base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on:
All those which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value) on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisp'rings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,

Spurns down her late lov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:

A thousand moral paintings I can shew,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune
More pregnant than words. Yet you do well,
To shew lord Timon, that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter Timon, addressing himself courteously to every suitor.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you? [*To a Messenger.*

Mes. Ay my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing him,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman, that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Mes. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom,
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:—
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Mes. All happiness to your honour!

[*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: What of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before
thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter Lucilius.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity is in youth.

Tim. [*To Lucil.*] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents, on the present; in future all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;
To build his fortune, I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble Lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you!

[*Exe. Lucil. and Old Ath.*

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting; Which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.

The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but outside: These pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance
'Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: Give me your hand;
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord? dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for 't, as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those, which sell, would give: But you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters: believe it, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common
tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

Enter Apemantus.

Jew. We will bear with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. 'Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow;

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? Thou know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou know'st, I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How lik'st thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better than made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Poet. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation; What's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt thou dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it: Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?

Poet. How now, philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

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Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: He, that loves to be flatter'd, is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'st do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—
Art thou not a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Mes. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.
You must needs dine with me:—Go not you hence,
'Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's done,
Shew me this piece.—I am joyful of your fights.—

Enter Alcibiades, with the rest.

Most welcome, sir!

Apem. So, so; there!——

Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—

That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet
knaves,

And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

Alc. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungrily on your fight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir:

Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all but Apemantus.*]

Enter two Lords.

1 Lord. What time a day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1 Lord. That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omit't it.

2 Lord. Thou art going to lord Timon's feast?

Apem. Ay; to seemeat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2 Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice,

2 Lord. Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Should'st have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1 Lord. Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.

2 Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the as.

1 Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,

And taste lord Timon's bounty? he out-goes
The very heart of kindness.

2 Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

1 Lord. The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

2 Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 Lord. I'll keep you company. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Another Apartment in Timon's House.

*Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet serv'd in;
and then enter Timon, Alcibiades, Lucius, Lucullus,
Sempronius, and other Athenian Senators, with Ven-
tidius. Then comes, dropping after all, Apemantus
discontentedly, like himself.*

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the gods
to remember

My father's age, and call him to long peace,
 He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
 Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
 To your free heart, I do return those talents,
 Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose help
 I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
 Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love;
 I gave it freely over; and there's none
 Can truly say, he gives, if he receives:
 If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
 To imitate them: Faults that are rich, are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit.

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on Timon.*]

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony
 Was but devis'd at first
 To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
 Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shewn;
 But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
 Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
 Than they to me. [i>They sit.

1 Lord. My lord, we always have confest it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confest it? hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.

Apem. No; you shall not make me welcome:
 I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fye thou art a churl; you have got a humour
 there

Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:—

They say my lords, *ira furor brevis est*,

But yonder man is ever angry.—

Go, let him have a table by himself;

For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine own peril, Timon;
 I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian,
 Therefore welcome: I myself would have no power:
 I pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choak me, for I
 should

Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods! what a number
Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!
It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat
In one man's blood: and all the madness is,
He cheers them up too.

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks, they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow, that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been prov'd,
If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;
Lest they should spy my wind-pipe's dangerous notes:
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

2. Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way!

A brave fellow! he keeps his tides well. Timon,
'Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill.
Here's that, which is too weak to be a finner,
Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:
This, and my food, are equals: there's no odds.
Beasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

*Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath, or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.*

[Eats and drinks.]

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alc. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new, my lord there's no meat like 'em; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then; that thou might'st kill 'em; and bid me to 'em.

1 Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I should have much help from you: How had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wish'd myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.

2 Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much!

Sound Tucket.

Tim. What means that trump?—How now?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a fore-runner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all,
That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom:
The ear, taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise;
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance:

Music, make their welcome.

[*Exit Cupid.*

1 Lord. You see my lord, how ample you are below'd.

Music. *Re-enter Cupid, with a masque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.*

Apem. Heyday! what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women.

Like madness is the glory of this life,

As this pomp shews to a little oil, and root.

We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;

And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,

Upon whose age we void it up again,

With poisonous spite, and envy. Who lives, that's not

Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears

Not one spurn to the graves of their friends' gift?

I should fear, those that dance before me now,

Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done;

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon; and to shew their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women; a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
You have added worth unto 't, and lively lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device;
I am to thank you for it.

1 *Lady*. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold

Taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you.
Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord. [*Exeunt*.

Tim. Flavius,—

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!

There is no crossing him in his humour; [*Aside*.

Else I should tell him,—Well,—i' faith, I should,

When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.

'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind;

That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[*Exit, and returns with the casket*.

1 *Lord*. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 *Lord*. Our horses.

Tim. O my friends, I have one word
To say to you:—Look you, my good lord, I must
Intreat you, honour me so much, as to
Advance this jewel; accept, and wear it, kind my lord!

1 *Lord*. I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word; it doth concern you near.

Tim. Near? why then another time I'll hear thee;
I pr'ythee, let us be provided
To shew them entertainment.

Flav. [*Aside.*] I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

2 Serv. May it please your honour, lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapt in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents
Be worthily entertain'd.—How now? what news?

Enter a third Servant.

3 Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside.*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer.—

Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,
To shew him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good:
His promises fly so beyond his state,
'That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word; he is so kind, that he now
Pays interest for't; his lands put to their books.
Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forc'd out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
'Than such that do even enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Tim. You do yourselves much wrong, you bate too
much

Of your own merits:—Here, my lord; a trifle of our love.

2 Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 Lord. O, he is the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

2 Lord. O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord,
In that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know
no man

Can justly praise, but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I tell you true. I'll call on you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—*Alcibiades,*
'Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alc. In defiled land, my lord.

1 Lord. We are so virtuously bound,—

Tim. And so am I to you.

2 Lord. So infinite endear'd,—

Tim. All to you.—*Lights!* more lights.

1 Lord. The best of happiness,

Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon!—

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt Alcibiades, Lords, &c.*]

Apem. What a coil's here!

Serving of becks, and jutting out of bums!
I doubt, whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for e'm. Friendships full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'ries.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not fullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for,

If I should be brib'd too, there would be none left
To rail upon thee; and then thou would'st sin the faster.
Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou
Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly:
What need these feasts, pomps, and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay,

If you begin to rail once on society,
I am sworn, not to give regard to you.

Farewell; and come with better music.

[Exit.

Apem. So;—

Thou wilt not hear me now,—thou shalt not then,
I'll lock

Thy heavens from thee. O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A public place in the City.

Enter a Senator.

Sen. **A**ND late, five thousand to Varro; and to
Isidore,

He owes nine thousand;—besides my former sum,
Which makes it five-and-twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.

If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:

If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more

Better than he, why give my horse to Timon,

Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight,

And able horses: No porter at his gate;

But rather one that smiles, and still invites

All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason

Can found his state in safety.—Caphis, ho!

Caphis, I say!

Enter Caphis.

Caph. Here, sir; What is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord
Timon;

Importune him for my monies; be not ceas'd
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—

Commend me to your master.—and the cap

Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, firrah,

My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn

Out of mine own; his days and times are past,

And my reliance on his fracted dates
 Has smit my credit: I love, and honour him;
 But must not break my back, to heal his finger:
 Immediate are my needs; and my relief
 Must not be tofs'd and turn'd to me in words,
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
 Put on a most importunate aspect,
 A visage of demand: for, I do fear,
 Whan every feather sticks in his own wing,
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
 Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, fir.

Sen. I go, fir?—take the bonds along with you,
 And have the dates in compt.

Caph. I will, fir.

Sen. Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Timon's Hall.

Enter Flavius, with many bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expence,
 'That he will neither know how to maintain it,
 Nor cease his flow of riot; Takes no account
 How things go from him; nor resumes no care
 Of what is to continue: Never mind
 Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
 What shall be done? He will not hear, 'till feel:
 I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Enter Caphis, with the Servants of Isidore and Varro.
 Fye, fye, fyé, fye!

Caph. Good even, Varro: What,
 You come for money?

Var. Is't not your business too?

Caph. It is;—And your's too, Isidore?

Isid. It is so.

Caph. 'Would we were all dischar'd!

Var. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon, Alcibiades, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,

My Alcibiades.—With me? What is your will?

[*They present their bills.*]

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awak'd by great occasion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,

I pr'ythee but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

Isid. From Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment,—

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—

Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,
And past.—

Isid. Your steward puts me off, my lord; and I
Am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath:—

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;

[*Exeunt Alcibiades, &c.*]

I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray you.

[*To Flavius.*]

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of broken bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease, 'till after dinner;
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends: See them well entertain'd.

[*Exit Timon.*]

Flav. Pray draw near. [Exit *Flavius*.

Enter Apemantus, and a Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus ;

Let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Ifid. A plague upon him, dog !

Var. How dost, fool ?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow ?

Var. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyself.—Come away.

[To the Fool.

Ifid. [To *Var.*] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now ?

Apem. He last ask'd the question. Poor rogues, and usurers' men ! bawds between gold and want !

All. What are we, Apemantus ?

Apem. Asses.

All. Why ?

Apem. That you ask me, what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen ?

All. Gramercies, good fool : How does your mistress ?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. 'Would, we could see you at Corinth.

Apem. Good ! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my master's page.

Page. [To the Fool.] Why, how now, captain ? what do you in this wise company ?—How dost thou, Apemantus ?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters ; I know not which is which.

Apem. Can'st not read?

Page. No,

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelp'd a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone.

[Exit.

Apem. Even so, thou out-run'st grace.
Fool. I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

All. Ay; 'would they serv'd us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman serv'd thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my master's house merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?

Var. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whore-master, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. What is a whore-master, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a lord; sometime, like a lawyer; sometime, like a philosopher, with two stones more than's artificial one: He is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Thou are not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man; as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All. Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter Timon, and Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

Flav. Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon.

[Exeunt Apemantus and Fool.]

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time, Had you not fully laid my state before me; That I might so have rated my expence, As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leifures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance, some fingle vantages you took
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no flight checks; when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord,
'Though you hear now, yet now's too late a time;
'The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falshood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pry'thee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,
This night unglutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord
Timon's?

Great Timon's, noble, worthy, royal Timon's?
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Fast won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:
No villainous bounty yet hath past my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Can'st thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: You shall perceive, how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there,—Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord,—

Tim. I will dispatch you severally,—You, to lord
Lucius,—

To lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his
Honour to-day,—You, to Sempronius,—
Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say,
'That my occasions have found time to use them
'Toward a supply of money: let the request
Be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and Lucullus? hum!—

Tim. Go you, sir, to the senators, [To *Flavius*.
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing) bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,
(For that I knew it the most general way)
To them to use your signet, and your name,
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can't be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and comporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—
And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods reward them!--

I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly: These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.—
Go to Ventidius,—Pr'ythee, be not sad,
Thou art true, and honest; ingenuously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee:—Ventidius lately
Bury'd his father; by whose death, he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,

Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: Greet him from me;
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents:—that had, give it these fel-
lows

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would, I could not think it; That thought
is bounty's foe;
Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE. I.

Lucullus's House in Athens.

Flaminius waiting. Enter a Servant to him.

Serv. I HAVE told my lord of you, he is coming
down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside.*] One of lord Timon's men? a gift,
I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver
bason and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flami-
nius; you are very respectfully welcome, sir.—
Fill me some wine.—And how does that honourable,
complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very
bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir.
And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty
Flaminius?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir?
which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your
honour to supply; who, having great and instant
occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lord-

ship to furnish him; nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less: and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his; I ha' told him on't, but I could never get him from 't.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observ'd thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone firrah. [*To the Servant, who goes out.*]—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou know'st well enough, although thou com'st to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much differ; And we alive, that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee. [*Throwing the money away.*]

Lucul. Ha! Now I see, thou art a fool and fit for thy master. [*Exit Lucullus.*]

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee! Let molten coin be thy damnation, Thou disease of a friend, and not himself! Has friendship such a faint and milky heart, It turns in less than two nights? O you gods, I feel my master's passion! This slave, Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:

Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon 't!
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expell sickness, but prolong his hour! [Exit.

S C E N E II.

A public Street.

Enter Lucius, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours, now lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fye, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urg'd extremely for't, and shew'd what necessity belong'd to 't, and yet was deny'd.

Luc. How?

2 Stran. I tell you, deny'd, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? now, before the gods, I am agham'd on't. Deny'd that honourable man? there was very little honour show'd in 't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have receiv'd some small kindneses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have deny'd his occasion so many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honour'd lord,——

[To Lucius.

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well:—Commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord,

my very exquisite friend.

Serv. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what hath he sent? I am so much endear'd to that lord; he's ever sending; How shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Serv. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Serv. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Serv. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shewn myself honourable? how unluckily it happen'd, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour?—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do 't; the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness, but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and, I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use my own words to him?

Serv. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.—
[Exit Servilius.]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed; And he, that's once deny'd, will hardly speed. [Exit.]

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why, this is the world's sport; And just of the same piece is every flatterer's soul.

Who can call him his friend,
That dips in the same dish? for, in my knowing,
Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse!
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet, (O, see the monstrousness of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: But, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
For policy sits above conscience.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Sempronius's House.

Enter Sempronius, with a Servant of Timon's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? Hum! 'Bove
all others?

He might have try'd lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: All these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,
They have all been touch'd, and found base metal; for
They have all deny'd him!

Semp. How! have they deny'd him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus deny'd him?
And does he send to me? Three? hum!—

It shews but little love or judgment in him.
 Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
 Thrive, give him over; Must I take the cure upon me?
 He has much disgrac'd me in't; I am angry at him,
 That might have known my place: I see no sense for't,
 But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
 For, in my conscience, I was the first man
 That e'er receiv'd gift from him:
 And does he think so backwardly of me now,
 That I'll requite at last? No:
 So it may prove an argument of laughter
 To the rest, and I 'mongst lords be thought a fool.
 I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
 He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
 I had such a courage to do him good. But now return,
 And with their faint reply this answer join;
 Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin. [*Exit.*]

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain.
 The devil knew not what he did, when he made man
 politic; he cross'd himself by't: and I cannot think,
 but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him
 clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul?
 takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those, that,
 under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire.
 Of such a nature is his politic love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
 Save only the gods: Now his friends are dead,
 Doors that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
 Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
 Now to guard sure their master.
 And this is all a liberal course allows;
 Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

Timon's Hall.

Enter Varro, Titus, Hortensius, Lucius, and other Servants of Timon's Creditors, who wait for his coming out.

Var. Well met; good morrow, Titus, and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius?

What, do we meet together ?

Luc. Ay, and, I think,
One business does command us all ; for mine
Is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luc. And sir Philotus too !

Pbi. Good day at once.

Luc. Welcome, good brother. What do you think
the hour ?

Pbi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. So much ?

Pbi. Is not my lord seen yet ?

Luc. Not yet.

Pbi. I wonder on't ; he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him :
You must consider, that a prodigal's course
Is like the sun's ; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear,

'Tis deep'st winter in lord Timon's purse ;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Pbi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll shew you how to observe a strange event,
Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes :
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I am weary of this charge, the gods can wit-
ness :

I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

Var. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns : What's
your's ?

Luc. Five thousand mine.

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Var. 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by the sum,
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.

Luc. Flaminius! sir, a word: Pray, is my lord
Ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows you are
too diligent. [*Exit Flaminius.*]

Enter Flavius in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

Var. By your leave, sir,—

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. Ay, if money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough.

Why then prefer'd you not your sums and bills,
When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?
Then they would smile and fawn upon his debts,
And take down the interest in their gluttonous maws;
You do yourselves but wrong, to stir me up;
Let me pass quietly:

Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you:
For you serve knaves. [*Exit.*]

Var. How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter!

Tit. No matter what; he's poor,
And that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader
Than he that has no house to put his head in?
Such may rail 'gainst great buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know
Some answer.

Serv. If I might beseech you, gentlemen,

To repair some other hour, I should
 Derive much from it : for, take it on my soul,
 My lord leans wond'rously to discontent :
 His comfortable temper has forsook him ;
 He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick :
 And, if he be so far beyond his health,
 Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
 And make a clear way to the gods.

Serv. Good gods !

Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flam. [*Within.*] Servilius, help !---my lord ! my
 lord !

Enter Timon, in a rage.

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage ?
 Have I been ever free, and must my house
 Be my retentive enemy, my jail ?
 The place, which I have feasted, does it now,
 Like all mankind, shew me an iron heart ?

Luc. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Here's mine.

Var. And mine, my lord.

Caph. And ours, my lord.

Pbi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em, cleave to the girdle..

Luc. Alas, my lord,---

Tim. Cut my heart in fums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.---

What yours ?---and yours ?

1 *Var.* My lord,---

2 *Var.* My lord.

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you !

[*Exit.*

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive, our masters may throw
 their caps at their money ; these debts may be well
 called desperate ones, for a madam owes 'em.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Timon, and Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves :

Creditors !——devils.

Flav. My dear lord,---

Tim. What if it should be so ?

Flav. My lord,---

Tim. I'll have it so:---My steward !

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly ? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius, all ;
I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul ;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be it not in thy care : go,
I charge thee, invite them all : let in the tide
Of knaves once more ; my cook and I'll provide.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

The Senate-house.

Senators, and Alcibiades.

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to't ; the fault's
bloody ;

'Tis necessary, he should die :

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true ; the law should bruise 'em.

Alc. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate !

1 *Sen.* Now, captain ?

Alc. I am an humble suitor to your virtues ;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune, to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stept into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues :

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice ;
 (An honour in him, which buys out his fault) ;
 But with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
 Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
 He did oppose his foe :

And with such sober and unnoted passion
 He did behave his anger ere 'twas spent,
 As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,
 Striving to make an ugly deed look fair :
 Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
 To bring man-slaughter into form, and set quarrelling
 Upon the head of valour ; which, indeed,
 Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
 When sects and factions were newly born ;
 He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
 The worst that man can breathe ; and make his wrongs
 His outsidings ; to wear them like his raiment, carelessly ;
 And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
 To bring it into danger.
 If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
 What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill.

Alc. My lord,—

1 Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear ;
 To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alc. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
 If I speak like a captain.—

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
 And not endure all threats ? sleep upon it,
 And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
 Without repugnancy ? If there be
 Such valour in the bearing, what make we
 Abroad : why then, women are more valiant,
 That stay at home, if bearing carry it ;
 The ass, more captain than the lion ; and the fellow,
 Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
 If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
 As you are great, be pitifully good :
 Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood ;
 To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust ;

But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just,
 'To be in anger, is impiety ;
 But who is man, that is not angry ?
 Weigh but the crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alc. In vain ? his service done
 At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
 Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 *Sen.* What's that ?

Alc. Why, I say, my lords, he has done fair service
 And slain in fight many of your enemies :
 How full of valour did he bear himself
 In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds ?

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em ; he
 Is a sworn rioter : he has a sin
 That often drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner :
 If there were no foes, that were enough
 To overcome him : in that beastly fury
 He has been known to commit outrages,
 And cherish factions : 'Tis inferr'd to us,
 His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

Alc. Hard fate ! he might have died in war.
 My lords, if not for any parts in him,
 (Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
 And be in debt to none) yet, more to move you,
 Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both :
 And for, I know, your reverend ages love
 Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
 My honours to you, upon his good returns.
 If by this crime he owes the law his life,
 Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore ;
 For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law, he dies ; urge it no more,
 On height of our displeasure : Friend, or brother,
 He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alc. Must it be so ? it must not be. My lords,
 I do beseech you, know me.

2 *Sen.* How ?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

3 *Sen.* What?

Alc. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me,
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be deny'd such common grace :
My wounds ake at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger ?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect ;
We banish thee for ever.

Alc. Banish me ?
Banish your dotage ; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens contain
thee,
Attend our weightier judgment.
And not to swell our spirit,
He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senate.*]

Alc. Now the gods keep you old enough ; that you
may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you !
I am worse than mad : I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest : I myself,
Rich only in large hurts.—All those, for this ?
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds ? Ha ! banishment ?
It comes not ill ; I hate not to be banish'd :
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
'That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds ;
Soldiers as little should brook wrongs, as gods.

S C E N E VI.

Timon's House.

Enter divers Senators, at several doors.

1 *Sen.* The good time of day to you, -sir.

2 *Sen.* I also wish it to you. I think, this honour-
able lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Sen.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when
we encounter'd : I hope, it is not so low with him,
as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 *Sen.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1 *Sen.* I should think so: He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 *Sen.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 *Sen.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 *Sen.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrow'd of you?

1 *Sen.* A thousand pieces.

2 *Sen.* A thousand pieces!

1 *Sen.* What of you?

3 *Sen.* He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter Timon, and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—
And how fare you?

1 *Sen.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 *Sen.* The swallow follows not summer more willingly, than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile; if they will fare so harshly as on the trumpet's sound: we shall to 't presently.

1 *Sen.* I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I return'd you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Sen.* My noble lord,---

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[The banquet brought in.]

2 *Sen.* My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2 *Sen.* If you had sent but two hours before,---

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.

—Come, bring in all together.

2 *Sen.* All cover'd dishes!

1 *Sen.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 *Sen.* Doubt not that, if money, and the season can yield it.

1 *Sen.* How do you? What's the news?

3 *Sen.* Alcibides is banish'd: Hear you of it?

Both. Alcibiades banish'd!

3 *Sen.* 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 *Sen.* How? how?

2 *Sen.* I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 *Sen.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast forward.

2 *Sen.* This is the old man still.

3 *Sen.* Will 't hold? will 't hold?

2 *Sen.* It does: but time will—and so—

3 *Sen.* I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: Sit, fit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves prais'd: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despis'd. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are.—The rest of your fees, O Gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover dogs, and lap.

[The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth friends! smoke and lukewarm
water

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who fluck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[Throwing water in their faces.]

Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man, and beast, the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physic first,---thou too,---and thou:

[Throws the dishes at them.]

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.---
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn house: sink Athens; henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity!

[Exit.]

Re-enter the Senators.

1 *Sen.* How now, my lords?

2 *Sen.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3 *Sen.* Pish! did you see my cap?

4 *Sen.* I have lost my gown.

1 *Sen.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:---Did you see my jewel?

2 *Sen.* Did you see my cap?

3 *Sen.* Here 'tis.

4 *Sen.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Sen.* Let's make no stay.

2 *Sen.* Lord Timon's mad.

3 *Sen.* I feel 't upon my bones.

4 *Sen.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Without the Walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.

LET me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
 That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth
 And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;
 Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools,
 Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
 And minister in their steads! to general filths
 Convert o' the instant, green virginity!
 Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast:
 Rather than render back, out with your knives,
 And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal;
 Large handed robbers your grave masters are,
 And pill by law! maid, to thy master's bed;
 Thy mistress is o' the brothel! son of sixteen,
 Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping fire,
 With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
 Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth
 Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
 Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
 Degrees, observances, customs, and laws
 Decline to your confounding contraries,
 And yet confusion live! Plagues, incident to men,
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap
 On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
 As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
 And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
 Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
 Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;
 That their society, as their friendship, may

Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
 But nakedness, thou detestable town!
 Take thou that too, with multiplying banes!
 Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
 The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
 The gods confound (hear me, ye good gods all)
 The Athenians both within and out that wall!
 And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
 To the whole race of mankind, high, and low!
 Amen.

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

*Timon's House.**Enter Flavius, with two or three Servants.*

1 *Serv.* Hear you, master steward, where is our master?
 Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
 Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
 I am as poor as you.

1 *Serv.* Such a house broke!
 So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
 One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
 And go along with him!

2 *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
 From our companion, thrown into his grave;
 So his familiars from his buried fortunes
 Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
 Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
 A dedicated beggar to the air,
 With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
 Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3 *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
 That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
 Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our bark;
 And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
 Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
 Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,

The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
'We have seen better days.' Let each take some;

[Giving them money.

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[Exeunt Servants.

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord,—blest, to be most accurs'd,
Rich, only to be wretched;—thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow, and enquire him out:
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still.

[Exit.

S C E N E III.

The Woods.

Enter Timon.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is devidant,—touch them with several fortunes:
The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature,

To whom all fores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.

Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord;

The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,

The beggar native honour.

It is the pastor lards the brother's sides,

The want that makes him leave. Who dares, who dares,

In purity of manhood stand upright,

And say, 'This man's a flatterer?' if one be,

So are they all; for every grize of fortune

Is smoothe'd by that below: the learned pate

Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;

There's nothing level in our cursed natures,

But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd

All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!

His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:

Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!

[Digging the earth.]

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate

With thy most operant poison!—What is here?

Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,

I am no idle votarist: Roots, you clear heavens!

Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul, fair:

Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.

Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods? Why
this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides:

Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads;

This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;

Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,

And give them title, knee, and approbation;

With senators on the bench; this is it,

That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;

She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores

Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices

To the April day again. Come, damned earth,

Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds

Among the rout of nations, I will make thee

Do thy right nature—*[March afar off.]*—Ha! a drum?

—Thou'rt quick,

But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee constant stand?—

Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*
Enter Alcibiades with drum and fife, in warlike manner,
and Phrynia and Tymandra.

Alc. What art thou there? speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For shewing me again the eyes of man!

Alc. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

Alc. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more than that I know
thee,

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum:
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lip again.

Alc. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give;
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alc. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.

Alc. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: if
Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for
Thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee,
For thou art a man!

Alc. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alc. I see them now; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Tyman. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Tymandra?

Tyman. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not, that use thee;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For tubs, and baths; bring down rose cheeked youth
To the tub-fast, and the diet.

Tyman. Hang thee, monster!

Alc. Pardon him sweet Tymandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities—
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard, and griev'd,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.

Alc. Why, fare thee well:
Here is some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alc. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alc. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest;
and

Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alc. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That, by killing of villains, thou wast born
To conquer my country.

Put up thy gold? Go on,—here's gold.—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison

In the sick air : Let not thy sword skip one :
 Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
 He is an usurer : Strike me the counterfeit matron,
 It is her habit only that is honest,
 Herself's a bawd : Let not the virgin's cheek
 Make soft thy trenchant sword ; for those milkpaps,
 That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
 Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
 Set them down horrible traitors : Spare not the babe,
 Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy ;
 Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
 Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
 And mince it fans remorse : Swear against objects ;
 Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes ;
 Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
 Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
 Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers :
 Make large confusion ; and, thy fury spent,
 Confounded be thyself ! Speak not, be gone.

Alc. Hast thou gold yet ? I'll take the gold thou
 giv'st me,
 Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse
 upon thee !

Phr. and Tym. Give us some gold, good Timon !
 Hast thou more ?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
 And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
 Your aprons mountant : You are not oathable,---
 Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
 Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,
 The immortal gods that hear you,---spare your oaths,
 I'll trust to your conditions : Be whores still ;
 And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
 Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up ;
 Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
 And be no turn-coats : Yet may your pains, six months,
 Be quite contrary : And thatch your poor thin roofs
 With burdens of the dead :---some that were hang'd,
 No matter ;---wear them, betray with them : whore still ;

Paint 'till a horse may mire upon your face,
A pox of wrinkles !

Phr. and Tim. Well, more gold ;—What then ?
Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man ; strike their sharp shins
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
'That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillits shrilly : hoar the flamen,
'That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself ; down with the nose,
Down with it flat ; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee
Smells from the general weal : make curl'd-pate ruf-
fians bald ;

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you : Plague all ;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold :—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all !

Phr. and Tym. More counsel, with more money,
bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first ; I have given
you earnest.

Alc. Strike up the drum towards Athens. Fare-
well, Timon ;

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alc. Call'st thou that harm ?

Tim. Men daily find it.

Get thee away, and take thy beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him.—Strike.

[*Drum beats. Exeunt Alcibiades.
Phrynia, and Tyandra.*]

Tim. [*Digging.*] That nature, being sick of man's
unkindness,
Should yet be hungry !—Common mother, thou

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
 Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
 Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puffed,
 Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
 The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
 With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
 Whereon Hyperions quickening fire doth shine;
 Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
 From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
 Ensear thy fertile and conception's womb,
 Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
 Go great with tygers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
 Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
 Hath to the marbled mansion all above
 Never presented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!
 Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
 Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorice draughts,
 And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
 That from it all consideration slips!

Enter Apemantus.

More man? Plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: Men report,
 Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog
 Whom I would imitate: Consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected;
 A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
 From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
 This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
 Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
 Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
 That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
 By putting on the cunning of a carper.
 Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
 By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
 And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
 Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
 And call it excellent: Thou wast told thus;
 Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome
 To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just,

That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;

A madman so long, now a fool; What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moist trees,
That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold brook
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures,
Whose naked natures live in all the spight
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhousted trunks,
'To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature,——bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find——

Tim. A fool of thee: Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say, thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in 't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou dost put this four cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Out-lives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never complete;
The other, at high wish: Best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.

Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.

Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm
 With favour never clasp'd ; but bred a dog.
 Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath proceeded
 The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
 To such as may the passive drugs of it
 Freely command, thou would'st have plung'd thyself
 In general riot ; melted down thy youth
 In different beds of lust ; and never learn'd
 The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
 The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
 Who had the world as my confectionary ;
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
 At duty, more than I could frame employment,
 (That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
 Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
 Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
 For every storm that blows) ; I to bear this,
 That never knew but better, is some burden :
 Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
 Hath made thee hard in 't. Why should'st thou hate
 men ?

They never flatter'd thee : What hast thou given ?
 If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,
 Must be thy subject ; who, in spight, put stuff
 To some she beggar, and compounded thee
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence ! be gone !—
 If thou hadst not been born the worst of men
 Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet ?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that was no prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now :

Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,
 I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
 That the whole life of Athens were in this !
 Thus would I eat it.

[*Eating a root.*]

Apem. Here ; I will mend thy feast.

[*Offering him something.*]

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend my own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd ;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold ; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest :

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat ; or rather,
where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my
mind.

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. 'To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest,
but the extremity of both ends : When thou wast in thy
gilt, and thy perfume, they mock'd thee for too much
curiosity ; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art
despis'd for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee,
eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated medlars sooner, thou
shouldst have lov'd thyself better now. What man didst
thou ever know unthrift, that was belov'd after his
means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of,
didst thou ever know belov'd?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee ; thou hadst some means to
keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest
compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women, nearest ; but men, men are the things
themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world,
Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou liv'dst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear thou wouldst be kill'd by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seiz'd by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion; and thy defence, absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, and seest not thy loss in transformation?

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here: The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter: The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon. A plague on thee!

Apem. Thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy, but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.—

I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away.

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose
A stone by thee.

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[Apemiantus retreats backwards as going.]

I am sick of this false world; and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon it.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;

Lye where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.—

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[Looking on the gold.]

'Twixt natural son and fire! thou bright defiler

Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!

Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lyes on Dian's lap! thou visible god,

That folder'st close impossibilities,

And mak'st them kifs! that speak'st with every tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!

Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue

Set them into confounding odds, that beasts

May have the world in empire!

Apem. 'Would 'twere so;—

But not 'till I am dead!—I'll say, thou hast gold:

Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.

[*Exit Apemantus.*]

More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Thieves.

1 Thief. Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder; The mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 Thief. It is nois'd, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 Thief. Let us make the assay upon him; if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; If he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2 Thief. True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1 Thief. Is not this he?

All. Where?

2 Thief. 'Tis his description.

3 Thief. He; I know him.

All. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves.

All. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

All. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat. Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots; Within this mile break forth an hundred springs: The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips; The bounteous huswife, nature, on each bush Lays her full mefs before you. Want? why want?

1 Thief. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water, As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are thieves profess; that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,
'Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,

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And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
 His antidotes are poison, and he slays
 More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
 Do villainy, do, since you profess to do't,
 Like workmen: I'll example you with thievery.
 'The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
 Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
 And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;
 The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
 The moon into salt tears; the earth's a thief,
 That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
 From general excrement: each thing's a thief;
 'The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
 Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away;
 Rob one another. There's more gold: Cut throats;
 All that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go,
 Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
 But thieves do lose it: Steal not less, for this,
 I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!
 Amen. [Exit.

3 *Thief*. He has almost charm'd me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1 *Thief*. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 *Thief*. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 *Thief*. Let us first see peace in Athens: There is no time to miserable, but a man may be true. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Woods, and Timon's Cave.

Enter Flavius.

Flav. O YOU gods!
 Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord?
 Full of decay and failing? O monument
 And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!

What an alteration of honour has
Desperate want made !
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends !
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies :
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me, than those that do !
He has caught me in his eye : I will present
My honest grief unto him ; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master !

Timon comes forward from his cave.

Tim. Away ! what art thou ?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir ?

Tim. Why dost ask that ? I have forgot all men ;
Then, if thou grant'st thou art a man, I have
Forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not :

I ne'er had honest man about me, I ; all
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witnesses,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep ?—Come nearer ;—
then I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind ; whose eyes do never give,
But through lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping :
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with
weeping !

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable ?
It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.
—Let me behold thy face.—Surely, this man
Was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,

Perpetual-sober gods ! I do proclaim
 One honest man,—mistake me not,—But one ;
 No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—
 How fain would I have hated all mankind,
 And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee,
 I fell with curses.

Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise ;
 For, by oppressing and betraying me,
 Thou might'st have sooner got another service :
 For many so arrive at second masters,
 Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
 (For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure)
 Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
 If not a usuring kindness ; and as rich men deal gifts,
 Expecting in return twenty for one ?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast
 Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late :
 You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast ;
 Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
 That which I shew, heaven knows, is merely love,
 Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
 Care of your food and living : and, believe it,
 My most honour'd lord,
 For any benefit that points to me,
 Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange it
 For this one wish, That you had power and wealth
 To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so !—Thou singly honest man,
 Here take : the gods out of my misery
 Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy :
 But thus condition'd ; Thou shalt build from men :
 Hate all, curse all : shew charity to none ;
 But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
 Ere thou relieve the beggar : give to dogs
 What thou deny'st to men ; let prisons swallow 'em,
 Debts wither 'em to nothing : Be men like blasted woods,
 And may diseases lick up their false bloods !
 And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay, and comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st curses,

Stay not ; but fly, whilst thou art blest and free :
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E II.

The same.

Enter Poet and Painter.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him ? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold ?

Pain. Certain : Alcibiades reports it ; Phrynia and Tymandra had gold of him : he likewise enrich'd poor straggling soldiers with great quantity : 'Tis said, he gave his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends ?

Pain. Nothing else : you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this suppos'd distress of his : it will shew honestly in us ; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him ?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation : only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too ; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time ; it opens the eyes of expectation : performance is ever the duller for his act ; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable : performance is a kind of will, or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Re-enter Timon from his cave, unseen.

Tim. Excellent workman ! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him: It must be a personating of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity; with a discovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:
Then we do sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple,
'Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plow'st the foam;
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
But I meet them.

Poet. Hail! worthy Timon.

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you!
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see 't the better:
You, that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen, and known.

Pain. He, and myself.

~~Have~~ travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite
you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men: You have heard that I
have gold;

I am sure, you have: speak truth: you are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men:—Thou draw'st a coun-
terfeit

Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;

Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, fir, as I say:—And, for thy fiction,

[To the Poet.]

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,

That thou art even natural in thine art.—

But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,

I must needs say, you have a little fault:

Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither with I,

You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour.

To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd,
That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this.—But two in
company,—

Each man apart,—all single, and alone, —

Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.—

If, where thou art, two villains shall not be.

[*To the Painter.*

Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not reside

[*To the Poet.*

But where one villain is, then him abandon.—

Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye
slaves:

You have work for me, there is payment: Hence!

You are an alchymist, make gold of that:—

Out, rascal dogs!

[*Exit, beating and driving them out.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Flavius, and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain, that you would speak with
Timon;

For he is set so only to himself,

That nothing, but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 *Sen.* Bring us to his cave:

It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.

2 *Sen.* At all times alike

Men are not still the same: 'Twas time, and griefs,
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him: Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave,—

Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: The Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn! Speak and
be hang'd!

For each true word, a blister, and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

1 Sen. Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2 Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back the
plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

1 Sen. O, forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.

The senators, with one consent of love,

Intreat thee back to Athens; who have thought

On special dignities, which vacant lye

For thy best use and wearing.

2 Sen. They confess,

Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross:

And now the public body,—which doth seldom

Play the recanter,—feeling in itself

A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal

Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon;

And sends forth us, to make their sorrowed render,

Together with a recompence more fruitful

'Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;

Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,

As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,

And write in thee the figures of their love,

Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;

Surprize me to the very brink of tears:

Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,

And I'll bewep these comforts, worthy senators.

1 Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,

And of our Athens (thine, and ours) to take
 The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
 Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
 Live with authority;—so soon shall we drive back
 Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
 Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
 His country's peace.

2 *Sen.* And shakes his threat'ning sword
 Against the walls of Athens.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, fir, I will; therefore I will, fir; Thus,—
 If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
 Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
 That—Timon cares not.—But if he sack fair Athens,
 And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
 Giving our holy virgins to the stain
 Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
 Then let him know,—and, tell him, Timon speaks it,
 In pity of our aged, and our youth,
 I cannot choose but tell him, that—I care not,
 And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not;
 While you have throats to answer: for myself,
 There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,
 But I do prize it at my love, before
 The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
 To the protection of the prosperous gods,
 As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
 It will be seen to-morrow; My long sickness
 Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
 And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
 Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
 And last so long enough!

1 *Sen.* We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
 One that rejoices in the common wreck,
 As common bruit doth put it.

1 *Sen.* That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1 *Sen.* These words become your lips as they pass through them.

2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triumphers In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;
And tell them, that to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragil vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do
them:—

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 *Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it: Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself:—I pray you do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood,
Which once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let four words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works; and death, their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[Exit Timon.]

1 *Sen.* His discontents are unremovably
Coupled to nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

1 *Sen.* It requires swift foot.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

*The Walls of Athens.**Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.*

1 *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discovered ; are his files
As full as they report ?

Mes. I have spoke the least :
Besides his expedition promises
Present approach.

2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not
Timon.

Mes. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend—
Who, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends :—this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choak the air with dust : In, and prepare ;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

*Changes to the Woods.**Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.*

Sold. By all description, this should be the place,
Who's here ? speak, ho !---No answer ?---What is this ?
Timon is dead, who hath out-stretch'd his span ;
Some beast read this ; there does not live a man.
Dead, sure ; and this his grave. What's on this tomb ?
I cannot read ; the character I'll take with wax ;
Our captain hath in every figure skill ;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days :
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

*Before the Walls of Athens.**Trumpets found. Enter Alcibiades, with his Powers.*

Alc. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach.—

[*Sound a parley. The Senators appear upon the walls.*
'Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; 'till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travest arms, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries of itself, 'No more:' now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And purfy insolence shall break his wind,
With fear, and horrid flight.

1 Sen. Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause to fear,
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
'To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

2 Sen. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promis'd means;
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs; nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should
fall

For private faults in them.

2 Sen. Nor are they living.
Who are the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:

By decimation, and tithed death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loaths) take thou the destin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square, to take,
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall,
With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not altogether.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, 'till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alc. Then there's my glove;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports:
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and,—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning,—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedy'd by your public laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alc. Descend, and keep your words

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble general, Timon is dead ;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea :
And, on his grave-stone, this insculpture ; which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interpreteth for my poor ignorance.

[Alcibiades reads the epitaph.]

*Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft :
Seek not my name : A plague consume you wicked caitiffs left !
Here lie I Timon ; who alive all living men did hate :
Pass by, and curse thy fill ; but pass, and stay not here
thy gait.*

These well express in thee thy latter spirits :
Though thou abhor'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave.—On :—Faults forgiven.—Dead
Is noble Timon ; of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword :
Make war breed peace ; make peace stint war ; make
each

Prescribe to other, as each other's leach.—

Let our drums strike.

[Exeunt.]

NOTE.

The play of Timon is a domestic tragedy, and therefore strongly fastens on the attention of the reader. In the plan there is not much art, but the incidents are natural, and the characters various and exact. The catastrophe affords a very powerful warning against that ostentatious liberality, which scatters bounty, but confers no benefits, and buys flattery, but not friendship.

In this tragedy, are many passages perplexed, obscure, and probably corrupt, which I have endeavoured to rectify, or explain, with due diligence ; but having only one copy, cannot promise myself that my endeavours shall be much applauded.

Johnson.

THE END.

THE END

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TITUS ANDRONICUS.

C 2

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Saturninus, Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.

Bassianus, Brother to Saturninus, in love with Lavinia.

Titus Andronicus, a noble Roman, General against the Goths.

Marcus Andronicus, Tribune of the People, and Brother to Titus.

Marcus,
Quintus,
Lucius,
Mutius,
} Sons to Titus Andronicus.

Young *Lucius*, a Boy, Son to Lucius.

Publius, Son to Marcus the Tribune, and Nephew to Titus Andronicus.

Sempronius,

Alarbus,

Chiron,

Demetrius,

} Sons to Tamora.

Aaron, a Moor belov'd by Tamora.

Captain, from Titus's Camp.

Æmilius, a Messenger

Goths and Romans.

Clown.

Tamora, Queen of the Goths, and afterwards married to Saturninus.

Lavinia, Daughter to Titus Andronicus.

Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child.

Senators, Judges, Officers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

Scene, Rome; and the Country near it.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before the Capitol in Rome.

*Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate.
Then enter Saturninus and his followers, at one door;
and Bassianus and his followers at the other; with
drum and colours.*

Sat. **N**OBLE patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome:
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my
right,—

If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility;
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft, with the Crowns

Mar. Princes, that strive by factions, and by friends,
Ambitiously for rule and empery!
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand,
A special party, have, by common voice,

In election for the Roman empery,
 Chosen Andronicus, surnam'd Pius,
 For many good and great deserts to Rome;
 A nobler man, a braver warrior,
 Lives not this day within the city walls:
 He by the senate is accited home,
 From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
 That, with his son, a terror to our foes,
 Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
 Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
 This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
 Our enemies' pride: Five times he hath return'd
 Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
 In coffins from the field;—
 And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
 Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
 Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
 Let us intreat,—By honour of his name,
 Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,
 And in the Capitol and senate's right,
 Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
 That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
 Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
 Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
 In thy uprightness and integrity,
 And so I love and honour thee, and thine;
 Thy nobler brother Titus, and his sons,
 And her, to whom our thoughts are humbled all,
 Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
 That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
 And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
 Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
 I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
 And to the love and favour of my country
 Commit myself, my person, and the cause;
 Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,

As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.

[They go up into the Senate-house.]

S C E N E II.

Enter a Captain.

Capt. Romans, make way; The good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter Mutius and Marcus; after them, two men bearing a coffin covered with black; then Quintus and Lucius. After them, Titus Andronicus; and then Tamora, the queen of the Goths, Alarbus, Chiron, and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, prisoners; Soldiers, and other Attendants. They set down the coffin, and Titus speaks.

Tit. Hail! Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark, that hath discharg'd her freight,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!—
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
These, that survive, let Rome reward with love;
These, that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial among their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unbury'd yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[They open the tomb.]

There greet in silence, as the dead were wont,
 And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
 O sacred receptacle of my joys,
 Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
 How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
 That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
 That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
 Before this earthly prison of their bones;
 That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
 Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you; the noblest that survives,
 The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren,—Gracious conqueror,
 Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
 A mother's tears in passion for her son:
 And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
 O, think my son to be as dear to me.
 Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
 To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
 Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke?
 But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
 For valiant doings in their country's cause!
 O! if to fight for king and common weal
 Were piety in thine, it is in these;
 Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood;
 Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
 Draw near them then in being merciful;
 Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge;
 Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
 These are their brethren, whom you Goths behold
 Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,
 Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
 To this your son is mark'd: and die he must,
 To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
 And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
 Let's hew his limbs, 'till they be clean consum'd.
 [*Exe. Mutius, Marcus, Quintus, and Lucius, with Alarbus.*]

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive

To tremble under Titus' threatening look.

Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,

The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy

With opportunity of sharp revenge

Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,

May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,

(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen)

To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter Mutius, Marcus, Quintus, and Lucius.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd

Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,

And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,

Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.

Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,

And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so; and let Andronicus

Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[Then sound trumpets, and lay the coffins in the tomb.]

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;

Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,

Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!

Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,

Here grow no damned grudges; here no storm,

No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:

Enter Lavinia.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long;

My noble lord and father, live in fame!

Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears

I render, for my brethren's obsequies;

And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy

Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:

O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,

Whose fortune Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd

The cordial of mine age, to glad my heart!—

Lavinia, live; out-live thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.

Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords:

But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance, in honour's bed.—

Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune, and their trust,

This palliament of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late deceased emperor's sons;

Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness:
What! should I don this robe and trouble you?

Be chose with proclamations to-day;
'To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all?

Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully;
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,

Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country:

Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?—

Tit. Patience, prince Saturninus.—

Sat. Romans, do me right;

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not
'Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor:—

Andronicus, 'would they were shipt to hell,
Rather than rob me of the peoples' hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturninus! interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!—

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee
The peoples' hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do 'till I die;
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be: and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices, and your suffrages:
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Mar. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you; and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this common-weal:
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—*Long live our emperor!*

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor;
And say,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine!*

[*A long flourish till they come down.*]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness;
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match,

I hold me highly honour'd of your grace :
 And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—
 King and commander of our common-weal,
 The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate,
 My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners ;
 Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord :
 Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
 Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life !
 How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts,
 Rome shall record ; and when I do forget
 The least of these unpeakable deserts,
 Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor
 [*To Tamora.*

To him that for your honour and your state,
 Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me ; of the hue
 That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
 Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance :
 Though chance of war hath brought this change of
 cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome :
 Princely shall be thy usage every way.
 Rest on my word, and let not discontent
 Daunt all your hopes : Madam, he comforts you,
 Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
 Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this ?

Lav. Not I, my lord ; sith true nobility
 Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go ;
 Ransomless here we set our prisoners free :
 Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.
 [*Seizing Lavinia.*

Tit. How, sir ? Are you in earnest then, my lord ?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus ; and resolv'd withal,
 To do myself this reason and this right.

[*The Emperor courts Tamora in dumb shew.*

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice :

This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, ayaunt! Where is the emperor's guard!

Treason, my lord; Lavinia is surpriz'd.

Sat. Surpriz'd! by whom?

Bas. By him that justly may

Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exit Bassianus with Lavinia.*]

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord you pass not here.

Tit. What! villain boy,

Barr'st me my way in Rome? [*Titus kills Mutius.*]

Mut. Help, Lucius, help!

Luc. My lord, you are unjust, and more than so;
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;

My sons would never so dishonour me:

Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love.

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:

I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;

Thee never, nor thy traiterous haughty sons,

Confederates all thus to dishonour me.

Was there none else in Rome to make a stale of,

But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,

Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,

That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing
piece

To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:

A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;

One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,

To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of
Goths,—

That like the stately Phoebe 'mong her nymphs,
Dost over-shine the gallant'st dames of Rome,—
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress of Rome.
Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman Gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymeneus stands,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, 'till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon: Lords, at-
company
Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt.*

Manet Titus Andronicus.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride;—
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?
Enter Marcus Andronicus, Lucius, Quintus, and Marcus.

Mar. O, Titus, see, O see, what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.

This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified;
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:—
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him:
He must be buried with his brethren.

[*Titus' sons speak.*]

Sons. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall? What villain was it spoke that word?

[*Titus' son speaks.*]

Quin. He that would vouch 't in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despight?

Mar. No, noble Titus; but intreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded.
My foes I do repute you every one;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Luc. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*The brother and the sons kneel.*]

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.
The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals:
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise:
The dismal day is this, that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*They put him in the tomb.*]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,

'Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!—

[*They all kneel and say;*

No man shed tears for noble Mutius;

He lives in fame, that dy'd in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lord,—to step out of these dreary dumps,—
How comes it, that the subtle queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but I know, it is;
If by device or no, the heavens can tell:

Is she not then beholden to the man

That brought her for this high good turn so far?

Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. *Re-enter the Emperor, Tamora, Chiron, and
Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, at one door: At
the other door, Bassianus, and Lavinia, with others.*

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize:
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my lord: I say no more,
Nor will no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all:
Mean while I am possessor of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir: You are very short with us;
But if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.

Only thus much I give your grace to know,—

By all the duties which I owe to Rome,

This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,

Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;

That, in the rescue of Lavinia,

With his own hand did slay his youngest son,

In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath

To be controul'd in that he frankly gave :
 Receive him then to favour, Saturnine :
 That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
 A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds ;
 'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me :
 Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
 How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine !

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
 Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
 Then hear me speak, indifferently for all ;
 And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam ! be dishonour'd openly,
 And basely put it up without revenge ?

Tam. Not so, my lord ; The gods of Rome forefend,
 I should be author to dishonour you !

But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
 For good lord Titus' innocence in all,
 Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs :
 Then, at my suit, look graciously on him ;
 Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
 Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.

My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,
 Dissemble all your griefs and discontents :
 You are but newly planted in your throne ;
 Lest then the people, and patricians too,
 Upon a just survey, take Titus' part ;
 And so supplant us for ingratitude,
 (Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin)
 Yield at intreats, and then let me alone :

I'll find a day to massacre them all,
 And raze their faction, and their family,
 The cruel father, and his traiterous sons,
 To whom I sued for my dear son's life ;
 And make them know, what 'tis to let a queen
 Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in
 vain.—

[*Aside.*]

Come, come, sweet emperor, come, Andronicus,—
 Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
 That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord.
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
For you, prince Bassianus, I have past
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,
That what we did, was mildly as we might,
Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends,
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's intreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a batchelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends:—
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bonjour*.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the Palace.

Enter Aaron alone.

Aar. **N**OW climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flash;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiack in his glistening coach,
And over-looks the highest-peering hills:
So Tamora.—

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
Hath prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus ty'd to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis;—this queen,
This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck, and his common-weal's.
Holla! what storm is this?

Enter Chiron, and Demetrius, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all;
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.

'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate :
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace ;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love

Aar. Clubs, clubs !—These lovers will not keep
the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although your mother unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends ?
Go to ; have your lath glu'd within your sheath,
'Till you know better how to handle it.

Cbi. Mean while, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave ? [*They draw.*]

Aar. Why, how now, lords ?

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly ?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge ;
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns ;
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

Cbi. Not I ; 'till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Dem. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—
Foul-spoken coward ! that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say.——

Now, by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,
'This petty brabble will undo us all.——
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to put upon a prince's right ?
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd

Without controulment, justice or revenge?
Young lords, beware!—an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner
choice:

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are you mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths would I propose,
To achieve her I do love.

Aar. To achieve her!—How?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won:
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. [*Aside.*]

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to
court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. 'Would you had hit it too;

Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye,—And are you such fools,
To square for this? Would it offend you then
That both should speed?

Chi. 'Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aur. For shame, be friends; and join for that you jar.

'Tis policy and stratagem must do

That you affect; and so much you resolve;

That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,

You must perforce accomplish as you may.

Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste

Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.

A speedier course than lingering languishment

Must we pursue, and I have found the path.

My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;

There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:

The forest walks are wide and spacious;

And many unfrequented plots there are,

Fitted by kind for rape and villainy:

Single you thither then this dainty doe,

And strike her home by force, if not by words;

This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.

Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit,

To villainy and vengeance consecrate,

We will acquaint with all that we intend;

And she shall file our engines with advice,

That will not suffer you to square yourselves,

But to your wishes' height advance you both.

The emperor's court is like the house of fame,

The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:

The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf and dull;

There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your
turns:

There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,

And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, 'till I find the stream

To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits.

Per Styga, per Manes vehor.——

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Changes to a Forest.

Enter Titus Andronicus, and his three Sons, with hounds and horns, and Marcus.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the princes: each ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.
Here a cry of hounds, and wind horns in a peal: then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and their attendants.

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty:—
Madam, to you as many and as good!—
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav. I say, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport:—Madam, now ye shall see
Our Roman hunting. [To Tamora.]

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

*A Desert Part of the Forest.**Enter Aaron alone.*

Aar. He, that had wit, would think, that I had none,
 To bury so much gold under a tree,
 And never after to inherit it.
 Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
 Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem;
 Which, cunningly effected, will beget
 A very excellent piece of villainy:
 And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,
 That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
 When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
 The birds chaunt melody on every bush;
 The snake lies rolled in the chearful sun;
 The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
 And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
 Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
 And—whilst the babling echo mocks the hounds,
 Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
 As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
 Let us sit down and mark their yelling noise:
 And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd
 The wand'ring prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
 When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,
 And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
 We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
 Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
 Whilst hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
 Be unto us, as is the nurse's song
 Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
 Saturn is dominator over mine:
 What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
 My silence, and my cloudy melancholy?
 My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls,
 Even as an adder, when she doth unroll

To do some fatal execution?

No, madam, these are no venereal signs;
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
 Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
 Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,
 Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
 This is the day of doom for Bassianus:
 His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day;
 Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
 And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
 Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
 And give the king this fatal plotted scroll:
 Now question me no more, we are espied,
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
 Which dreads not yet their lives destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

Aar. No more, great empress, Bassianus comes:
 Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
 To back thy quarrels, whatso'er they be. [*Exit.*]

Enter Bassianus, and Lavinia.

Bas. Whom have we here? Rome's royal empress,
 Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
 Or is it Dian, habited like her;
 Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
 To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps!
 Had I the power that, some say, Dian had,
 Thy temples should be planted presently
 With horns, as was Acteon's; and the hounds
 Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
 Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
 'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
 And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
 Are singled forth to try experiments:
 Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
 'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
 Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
 Spotted, detested, and abominable.

Why are you sequester'd from all your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Law. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness.—I pray you let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king, my brother, shall have note of this.

Law. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long:
Good king! to be so mightily abus'd!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron, and Demetrius.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious
mother,

Why does your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren and detested vale, you see, it is:
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful mistletoe.
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
And when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,
'They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me, they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew;
And leave me to this miserable death.
And then they call'd me, foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect.
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,

This vengeance on me had they executed :
 Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
 Or be ye not from henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs Bassianus.*]

Chi. And this for me, struck home to shew my
 strength.

[*Stabbing him likewise.*]

Lav. Ay come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora !

For no name fits thy nature but thy own !

Tam. Give me thy poinard ; you shall know, my boys,
 Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her ;
 First, thresh the corn, then after burn the straw :
 This minion stood upon her chastity,
 Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
 And with that painted hope she braves your mightiness :
 And shall she carry this unto her grave ?

Chi. And if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
 Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
 And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,
 Let not this wasp out-live, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam ; we will make that
 sure,—

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
 That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora ! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

Tam. I will not hear her speak ; away with her.

Lav. Sweet lords, intreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam : Let it be your glory,
 To see her tears ; but be your heart to them,
 As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tyger's young ones teach the dam ?
 O, do not teach her wrath ; she taught it thee :
 The milk, thou suck'd from her, did turn to marble ;
 Even at the teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—
 Yet every mother breeds not sons alike ;
 Do thou entreat her shew a woman pity.

[*To Chiron.*]

Chi. What! would'st thou have me prove myself a bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true the raven doth not hatch a lark :
Yet have I heard, (O could I find it now!)
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.
Some say, that ravens foster forlorn children,
'The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

Tam. I know not what it means; away with her.

Lav. O, let me teach thee: for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain
thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I now pitiless:—
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
'To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent:
'Therefore away with her, use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:
For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain, when Bassianus dy'd.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let
me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit;
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away; for thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah beastly creature!

The blot and enemy to our general name!

Confusion fall——

Cbi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth,—Bring thou
her husband; [*Dragging off Lavinia.*
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Exeunt.*

Tam. Farewell, my sons: see, that you make her
sure:

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,

'Till all the Andronici be made away.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,

And let my spleenful sons this trull deflow'r. [*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Aaron, with Quintus and Marcus.

Aar. Come on, my lords; the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mar. And mine, I promise you; wer't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep a while.

[*Marcus falls into the pit.*

Quin. What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole is
this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars;

Upon whose leaves are drops of new shed blood,

As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?

A very fatal place it seems to me;—

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mar. O brother, with the dismallest object
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find
them here;

That he thereby may have a likely guess,

How these were they, that made away his brother.

[*Exit Aaron.*

Mar. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallowed and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprized with an uncouth fear:
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
Mine heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mar. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone ; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit my eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise ;
O, tell me how it is ; for ne'er 'till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mar. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he ?

Mar. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthly cheeks,
And shews the ragged entrails of this pit :
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out ;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mar. And I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more ; I will not lose again,
'Till thou art here aloft, or I below :
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. [*Falls in.*]

Enter the Emperor, and Aaron.

Sat. Along with me :—I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.—
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth ?

Mar. The unhappy son of old Andronicus ;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know, thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mar. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, with Attendants; Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my lord, the king?

Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing
grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeless tragedy:
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

[She giveth Saturninus a letter.

Saturninus reads the letter.

"An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—

"Sweet huntsman—Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—

"Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;

"Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy reward

"Among the nettles at the elder tree,

"Which over-shades the mouth of that same pit,

"Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.

"Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends."

O Tamora! was ever heard the like?

This is the pit, and this the elder tree:

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,

That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Mar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

[Shewing it.]

Sat. Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life:— *[To Titus.]*

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;

There let them bide, until we have devis'd

Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wond'rous thing!
How easily murder is discovered?

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of mine accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them—

Sat. If it be prov'd ! you see it is apparent.—
Who found this letter ? Tamora, was it you ?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord : yet let me be their bail :
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them : see, thou follow me.
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers :
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain ;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king ;
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come ; stay not to talk with
them. [Exeunt Severally.

S C E N E V.

*Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Lavinia, ravish'd ;
her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so ;
And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See how with signs and tokens she can scowl.

Chi. Go home ; call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She has no tongue to call, nor hand to wash ;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.

Enter Marcus to Lavinia.

Mar. Who's this,--my niece, that flies away so fast ?
Cousin, a word ; Where is your husband ?

If I do dream, ' would all my wealth would wake me !

If I do wake, some planet strike me down.

That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—
 Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
 Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
 Of her two branches; those sweet ornaments,
 Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in;
 And might not gain so great a happiness,
 As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—
 Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
 Like to a bubbling fountain stir'd with wind,
 Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
 Coming and going with thy honey breath.
 But sure some Tereus hath deflower'd thee;
 And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue,
 Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
 And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
 As from a conduit with their issuing spouts,—
 Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
 Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
 Shall I speak for thee; shall I say, 'tis so?
 O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
 That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
 Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
 Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
 Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
 And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
 But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
 A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
 That better could have sew'd than Philomel.
 O, had the monster seen those lily hands
 Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
 And make the silken strings delight to kiss them;
 He would not then have touch'd them for his life.
 Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
 Which that sweet tongue hath made;
 He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep
 As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
 Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
 For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
 One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads:

What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
 O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Street in Rome.

Enter the Judges and Senators, with Marcus and Quintus bound, passing on the stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before, pleading.

Tit. **H**EAR me, grave fathers! noble tribunes,
 stay!

For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
 For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
 For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
 And for these bitter tears, which you now see
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks:

Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
 Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought!
 For two and twenty sons I never wept,
 Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

[*Andronicus lieth down, and the Judges pass by him.*

For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write
 My heart's deep langour, and my soul's sad tears.
 Let my tears staunch the earth's dry appetite;
 My son's sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
 O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain, [Exeunt
 That shall distill from these two ancient urns,
 Than youthful April shall with all his flowers:
 In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still;
 In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
 And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
 So thou refuse to drink my dear son's blood.

Enter Lucius, with his sword drawn.

O reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!

Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O, noble father, you lament in vain;
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead:
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,
All bootless unto them, they would not pity me.
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet,
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.

A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones;
A stone is silent, and offendeth not;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderness of tygers?
Tygers must prey: and Rome affords no prey,
But me and mine: How happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break;
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her:—
Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee helpless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use:
Now, all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage;
Where like a sweet melodious bird it sung
Sweet vary'd notes, enchanting every ear!

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself; as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer; and he, that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes:
But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—

Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me; What shall I do,
Now I behold thy lovely body so?
Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;
Ner tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead; and, for his death,
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this:—
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her husband?

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill her husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow, that their sister makes.—
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
Or make some signs how I may do thee ease.
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain;
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd; like meadows, yet not dry
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
'Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shews
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? Let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your grief,

See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece:—good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,

Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
Had she a tongue to speak, now she would say
That to her brother which I said to thee;
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this!
As far from help as limbo is from bliss.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word, — That if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O, gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor my hand;
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:
My youth can better spare my blood than you;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle axe,
Writing destruction on the enemies' castle?
O, none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree, whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more; such wither'd herbs as
these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's sake, and mothers care,
Now let me shew a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.*]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both;
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:—

But I'll deceive you in another sort,

And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass. [*Aside.*]

[*He cuts off Titus's hand.*]

[*Enter Lucius and Marcus again.*]

Tit. Now, stay your strife; what shall be, is dis-
patch'd.—

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:

Tell him, it was a hand that warded him

From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;

More hath it merited, that let it have.

As for my sons, say, I account of them

As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;

And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand,

Look by and by to have thy sons with thee:—

Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villainy [*Aside.*]

Doth sat me with the very thought of it!

Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,

Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*]

Tit. O hear!—I lift this one hand up to heaven,

And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:

If any power pities wretched tears,

To that I call.—What, wilt thou kneel with me?

[*To Lavinia.*]

Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers;

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,

And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,

When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. O! brother, speak with possibilities;
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the wind's rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, bringing in two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repay'd
For that good hand, thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back;
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne!
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[*Lavinia kisses him.*]

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,

As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery: Die, Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads;
Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.

Ah! now no more will I controul thy griefs:
Rent off thy silver hair, the other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of your most wretched eyes!
Now is a time to storm, why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then which way shall I find revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me;
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
'Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about;
'That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear:
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there;
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do. [*Exeunt.*]

Manet Lucius.

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
The woful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome!

Farewell, proud Rome ! 'till Lucius comes again,
 He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
 Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister ;
 O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tore hast been !
 But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
 But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.
 If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs ;
 And make proud Saturninus and his empress
 Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
 Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
 To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit Lucius.*]

S C E N E II.

An Apartment in Titus's house.

*A banquet. Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and young
 Lucius, a boy.*

Tit. So, so, now sit: and look, you eat no more
 Than will preserve just so much strength in us.
 As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
 Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot ;
 Thy neice and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
 And cannot passionate our ten-fold grief
 With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
 Is left to tyrannize upon my breast ;
 And when my heart, all mad with misery,
 Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
 Then thus I thump it down,—
 Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs !

[*To Lavinia.*]

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
 Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
 Wound it with fighting, girl, kill it with groans ;
 Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
 And just against thy heart make thou a hole ;
 That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
 May run into that sink, and, soaking in,
 Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fye, brother, fye ! teach her not thus to lay
 Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now ! has sorrow made thee doat already ?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
 What violent hands can she lay on her life ?
 Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands ;—
 To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
 How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable ?
 O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands ;
 Lest we remember still, that we have none.—
 Fye, fye, how frantically I square my talk !
 As if we should forget we had no hands,
 If Marcus did not name the word of hands !——
 Come, let's fall to ; and, gentle girl, eat this :—
 Here is no drink ! Hark, Marcus, what she says ;—
 I can interpret all her martyr'd signs ;——
 She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
 Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks :—
 Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought ;
 In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
 As begging hermits in their holy prayers :
 Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
 Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
 But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
 And by still practice, learn to know the meaning.

Boy. Good grandfire, leave these bitter deep laments ;
 Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
 Doth weep to see his grandfire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling ; thou art made of tears,
 And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

[Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.]

What dost thou strike at Marcus, with thy knife ?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord ; a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer ! thou kill'st my heart ;
 Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny :
 A deed of death, done on the innocent,
 Becomes not Titus' brother ; Get thee gone ;
 I see, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother ?
 How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
 And buz lamenting doings in the air ?

Poor harmless fly!

That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me, sir; it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,
Come hither purposely to poison me.—

There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.

Ah, firrah!—yet I think we are not brought so low,
But that, between us, we can kill a fly,

That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him?
He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—

Come, boy, and go with me; thy fight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Titus's House.

*Enter young Lucius, and Lavinia running after him; and
the boy flies from her, with his books under his arm.*

Enter Titus and Marcus.

Boy. **H**ELP, grandfire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why:—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!
Alas! sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my-niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:--Somewhat doth she mean:--

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee;

Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care

Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,

Sweet poetry, and Tully's oratory.

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus.

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,

Unless some fit of phrenzy do possess her:

For I have heard my grandfire say full oft,

Extremity of griefs would make men mad;

And I have read, that Hecuba of Troy

Ran mad through sorrow; That made me to fear;

Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt

Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,

And would not, but in fury, fright my youth;

Which made me down to throw my books, and fly;

Causeless, perhaps: But pardon me, sweet aunt:

And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,

I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

Tit. How now, Lavinia?--Marcus, what means this?

Some book there is that she desires to see:

Which is it, girl, of these? Open them, boy.-----

But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;

Come, and take choice of all my library,

And so beguile thy sorrow, 'till the heavens

Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.-----

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Mar. I think, she means, that there was more than
one

Confederate in the fact;--Ay, more there was:-----

Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandfire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphosis;

My mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,

Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! soft, how busily she turns the leaves!
 Help her: What would she find? Lavinia, shall I read?
 This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
 And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape;
 And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, see; note how she quotes the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wer't thou thus surpriz'd, sweet girl,
 Ravish'd, and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
 Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?
 See, See! —

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
 (O, had we never, never, hunted there!)
 Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
 By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
 Unless the gods delight in tragedies!

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but friends, —

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
 Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
 That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece;—brother, sit down by me.

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
 Inspire me, that I may this treason find! —
 My lord, look here;—look here, Lavinia:

[He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.]

This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou can'st,
 This after me, when I have writ my name
 Without the help of any hand at all.

Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift! —
 Write thou, good niece; and here display at last,
 What God will have discover'd for revenge:
 Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
 That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.]

Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?

Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.

Mar. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this hateful, bloody deed?

Tit.—*Magne Dominator Poli,*
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord! although I know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclams.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me,—as with the woeful seere,
And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traiterous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you know how.
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him while she playeth on her back,
And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bond-men to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy, thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into my armoury;
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both:
Come, come; thou'lt do my message, wilt thou not?

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Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosom, grandfire.

Tit. No, no, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.

Lavinia, come:—Marcus, look to my house;

Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;

Ay, marry, will we, fir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassionate him?

Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy:

That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,

'Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield:

But yet so just, that he will not revenge:—

Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus! [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Aaron, Chiron, and Demetrius, at one door: and at another door, young Lucius and another, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver to us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus;—
And pray the Roman gods, confound you both. [*Aside.*]

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius: What's the news?

Boy. That you are both decypher'd, that's the news,
For villains mark'd with rape. [*Aside.*] May it please
you,

My grandfire, well advis'd, hath sent by me

The goodliest weapons of his armoury,

To gratify your honourable youth,

The hope of Rome; for so he bid me say;

And so I do, and with his gifts present

Your lordships, that whenever you have need,

You may be armed and appointed well:

And so I leave you both, [*Aside.*] like bloody villains.

[*Exit.*]

Dem. What's here? A scroll: and written round
about?

Let's see;

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,

Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu:

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just;—a verse in Horace;—right, you have it.

Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!

Here's no fond jest; the old man hath
found their guilt;

And sends the weapons wrapp'd about
with lines

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the
quick.

[*Aside.*]

But were our witty empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit
But let her rest in her unrest a-while.—

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and, more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?

It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord,
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would, we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacketh but your mother to say, Amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us
o'er.

[*Aside. Flourish.*]

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft; who comes here?

Enter Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child.

Nurse. Good-morrow lords:

O tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor ?

Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all.

Here Aaron is ; and what with Aaron now ?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone !

Now help, or woe betide thee evermore !

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep ?

What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms ?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace ;—
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom ?

Nur. I mean, she is brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God

Give her good rest ! What hath he sent her ?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she is the devil's dam ; a joyful
issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue :
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out, out, you whore ! is black so base a hue ?—
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done ?

Aar. That which thou
Can'st not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damned her loathed choice !
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend !

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must ; the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse ? then let no man but I,
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll brooch the tadpole on my rapier's point :
Nurse, give it me ; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

Stay, murd'rous villains! will you kill your brother?
 Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
 That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
 He dies upon my scymitar's sharp point,
 That touches this my first-born son and heir!
 I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
 With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,
 Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
 Shall seize this prey, out of his father's hands.
 What, what, ye sanguine shallow-hearted boys!
 Ye white-lim'd walls! ye ale-house painted signs!
 Coal-black is better than another hue,
 In that it scorns to bear another hue:
 For all the water in the ocean
 Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
 Although she lave them hourly in the flood.—
 Tell the empress from me, I am of age
 To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;
 The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
 This, before all the world, do I prefer;
 This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
 Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.

Aar. Why there's the privilege your beauty bears:
 Eye, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing
 The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
 Here is a young lad fram'd of another leer:
 Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father;
 As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*
 He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed
 Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
 And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,
 He is enfranchis'd and come to light:
 Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,
 Although my seal is stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice;
Save you the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there: Now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[They sit on the ground.]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords; when we all join in
league,

I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But, say again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
And no one else, but the deliver'd empress.

Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself:—
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away:
Go to the empress; tell her this I said:—

[He kills her.]

Weke, weke!—so cries a pig prepared to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore didst
thou this?

Aar. O lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip! no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman,
His wife but yesternight was brought to-bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all;
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, my lords; ye see, I have given her physick,

[Pointing to the nurse.]

And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.

The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee. [*Exeunt.*]

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in my arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—
Come on, you thick-lip'd slave, I bear you hence;
For it is you that put us to our shifts:
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

A Street near the Palace.

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other Gentlemen with bows; and Titus bears the arrows with letters on the ends of them.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come;—Kinsmen, this is the way:—

Sir boy, now let me see your archery!
Look, ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:
Terras Astrea reliquit:—be you remember'd, Marcus.—
She's gone, she's fled.—Sirs, take you to your tools.
You, cousins, shall go sound the ocean,
And cast your nets; haply, you may find her in the sea;
Yet there's as little justice as at land:—
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth;
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition:
Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid;
And that it comes from old Andronicus,

Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
 Ah, Rome?—Well, well; I made thee miserable,
 What time I threw the people's suffrages
 On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
 Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
 And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd;
 This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,
 And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,
 To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns
 By day and night to attend him carefully;
 And feed his humour kindly as we may,
 'Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
 Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
 Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
 And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my masters,
 What, have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word,
 If you will have revenge from hell, you shall:
 Marry, for justice, she is so employ'd,
 He thinks with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
 So that perforce you needs must stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.
 I'll dive into the burning lake below,
 And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
 Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;
 No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size;
 But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back;
 Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can
 bear:—

And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
 We will solicit heaven; and move the gods,
 To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs:
 Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.

[*He gives them the arrows.*]

Ad Jovem, that's for you:—Here, *ad Apollinem*:—
Ad Martem, that's for myself;—

Here, boy, to Pallas:—Here to Mercury:—
To Saturn, and to Cœlus; not to Saturnine,—
You were as good to shoot against the wind.—
To it, boy. Marcus, loose when I bid:
O' my word, I have written to effect;
There's not a god left unsolicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said,
Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap, give it to Pallas.

Mar. My lord, I am a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord; when Publius
shot,

The bull being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the rams horns in the court;
And who should find them but the empress' villain?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give your lordship joy!

Enter a Clown, with a basket and two pigeons.

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clown. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says, that he
hath taken them down again, for the man must not be
hang'd 'till the next week.

Tit. Tut, what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clown. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank
with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clown. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else,

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clown. From heaven? alas, sir, I never came there:
God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven in
my young days! Why, I am going with my pigeons
to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl
between my uncle and one of the imperial's men.

Mar. Why, fir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clown. Nay, truly, fir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither; make no more ado, But give your pigeons to the emperor:
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold;—mean while, here's money for thy charges.
Give me a pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clown. Ay, fir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, fir; see you do it bravely.

Clown. I warrant you, fir: let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:—
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,
Knock at the door, and tell me what he says.

Clown. God be with you, fir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go:—Publius, follow me.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

The Palace.

Enter Emperor, and Empress, and her two sons; the Emperor brings the arrows in his hand, that Titus shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was ever seen

An emperor of Rome thus over-borne,
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
Of legal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods,
However the disturbers of our peace

Buz in the people's ears, there nought hath past
 But even with law, against the wilful sons
 Of old Andronicus. And what an if
 His sorrows have so overwhelmed his wits,
 Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
 His fits, his phrenzy, and his bitterness?
 And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
 See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
 This to Apollo; this to the god of war?
 Sweet scrolls, to fly about the streets of Rome!
 What's this, but libelling against the senate,
 And blazoning our injustice every where?
 A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
 As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
 But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
 But he and his shall know, that justice lives
 In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
 Hell so awake, as she in fury shall
 Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, most lovely Saturnine,
 Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
 The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
 Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep and scarr'd his heart;
 And rather comfort his distressed plight,
 Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
 For these contempts. Why, thus it shall become

[*Aside.*]

High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
 But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
 Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
 Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow? wouldst thou speak with us?

Clown. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clown. 'Tis he.—God and saint Stephen, give you
 good den:

I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here.

[*The Emperor reads the letter.*]

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clown. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, firrah, you must be hang'd.

Clown. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end.

[*Exit.*]

Sat. Despightful and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?

I know from whence this same device proceeds:

May this be borne?—as if his traiterous sons,

That dy'd by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?—

Go, drag the villain thither by the hair;

Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:—

For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man;

Sly frantick wretch, that holp't to make me great,

In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter Æmilius.

Sat. What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause!

The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power

Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,

They hither march amain, under conduct

Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;

Who threats, in course of his revenge, to do

As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?

These tidings nip me; and I hang the head

As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:

'Tis he, the common people love so much,

Myself have often over-heard them say,

(When I have walked like a private man)

That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,

And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not our city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius;

And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
'The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby;
Knowing, that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint their melody:
Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promises; that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
Go thou before, be our ambassador: [*To Æmilius.*
Say, that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoints the meeting.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably:
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus;
And temper him with all the art I have,
'To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to him.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Camp, at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Lucius and Goths, with drum and soldiers.

Luc. **A**PPROVED warriors, and my faithful friends,

I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify, what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And, wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
Like stinging bees in hottest summer day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,—
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

Omn. And, as he saith, to say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading Aaron, with his child in his arms.

Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall:
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controul'd with this discourse:
“Peace, tawny slave; half me, and half thy dam!
“Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
“Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
“Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor:
“But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
“They never do beget a coal-black calf.

"Peace, villain, peace!"—even thus he rates the babe,—
 "For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
 "Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
 "Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake."
 With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
 Surpriz'd him suddenly; and brought him hither,
 To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate devil,
 That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:
 This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye;
 And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—
 Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey
 This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
 Why dost not speak? What! deaf? No! not a word?
 A halter, soldiers; hang him on this tree,
 And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the fire for ever being good—
 First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
 A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
 Get me a ladder.

Aar. Lucius, save the child;
 And bear it from me to the empress.
 If thou do this, I'll show thee wond'rous things,
 That highly may advantage thee to hear:
 If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
 I'll speak no more; But vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on; and, if it please me which thou speak'st,
 Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee, Lucius,
 'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
 For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
 Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
 Complots of mischief, treason; villainies
 Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:
 And this shall all be buried by my death,
 Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say, thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no god;

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not:
Yet,—for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience;
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—
Therefore I urge thy oath;—For that, I know,
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears;
To that I'll urge him:—Therefore thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,—
To save my boy, nourish, and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious woman!

Aar. Tut, Lucius! this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus:
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands off; and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O, detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd;
and 'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O, barbarous beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was the tutor to instruct them;
That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.—
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay;
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen, and her two sons:
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?

I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand ;
 And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
 And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
 I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
 When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads ;
 Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
 That both mine eyes were rainy like to his ;
 And when I told the empress of this sport,
 She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,
 And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What! canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog; as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day, (and yet, I think,
 Few come within the compass of my curse)
 Wherein I did not some notorious ill :
 As kill a man, or else devise his death ;
 Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it ;
 Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself ;
 Set deadly enmity between two friends ;
 Make poor men's cattle break their necks ;
 Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
 And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
 Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
 And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
 Even when the sorrow almost was forgot ;
 And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
 Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
 Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
 As willingly as one would kill a fly ;
 And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
 But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil ; for he must not die
 So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
 To live and burn in everlasting fire ;
 So I might have your company in hell,
 But to torment you with my bitter tongue !

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter Æmilius.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me:
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house;
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

Goth. What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come. March away. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Titus's Palace in Rome.

Enter Tamora, Chiron, and Demetrius, disguis'd.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus;
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs,
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
'To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
'Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies.

[They knock, and Titus opens his study door.]

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?

Is it your trick to make me ope the door;

That so my sad decrees may fly away,

And all my study be to no effect?

You are deceiv'd: for what I mean to do,

See here, in bloody lines I have set it down;

And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No; not a word: How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it that accord?

Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'st know me, thou would'st talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad: I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day, and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:—
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thine enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,
'To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder, and of death:
There's not a hollow cave, nor lurking-place,
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
Where bloody murder, or detested rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands;
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;
And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide two proper palfreys, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long;
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfall in the sea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,

So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine, and Murder: therefore called so
'Cause they take vengeance on such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the empress' sons they are?
And you, the empress! But we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee:
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[Exit Titus from above.]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy:
What'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter Titus.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread fury, to my woeful house;—
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too:
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:—
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?—
For, well I wot, the empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor:—
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Cbi. Shew me a villain, that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thousand, that have done thee wrong.

And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome;
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.—
Go thou with him, and, when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.—
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee;
I pray thee, do on them some violent death,
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house:
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother!—'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
Tell him, the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house; and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*]

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam [*to her sons.*] What say you, boys? will you abide with him,
 Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
 How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
 Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
 And tarry with him 'till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me mad;
 And will o'er reach them in their own devices,
 A pair of curst hell-hounds, and their dam. [*Aside.*

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
 To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit Tamora.*

Tit. I know, thou dost; and sweet Revenge, farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
 Publius, come hither Caius, and Valentine!

Enter Publius, and Servants.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The empress' sons,
 I take them, Chiron, and Demetrius.

Tit. Fye, Publius, fye! thou art too much deceiv'd;
 The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:
 And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
 Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them:
 Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
 And now I find it: therefore bind them sure;
 And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit Titus.*

Chi. Villains, forbear; we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—
 Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word:
 Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.

*Re-enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lavinia
 with a basin.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are
 bound:—

Sirs stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
 But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
 O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!

Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud;
 This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
 You kill'd her husband; and, for that vile fault,
 Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death:
 My hand cut off, and made a merry jest:
 Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, more dear
 Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
 Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
 What would you say, if I should let you speak?
 Villains, for shame, you could not beg for grace.
 Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
 This one hand yet is left to cut your throats;
 Whilst that Lavinia 'twixt her stumps doth hold
 The basin, that receives your guilty blood.
 You know, your mother means to feast with me,
 And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad,—
 Hark villains; I will grind your bones to dust,
 And with your blood and it I'll make a paste;
 And of the paste a coffin will I rear,
 And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
 And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
 Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
 This is the feast that I have bid her to,
 And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
 For worse than Philomel you used my daughter,
 And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd:
 And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,
 Receive the blood: and, when that they are dead,
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
 And with this hateful liquor temper it;
 And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
 Come, come, be every one officious
 To make this banquet; which I wish might prove
 More stern and bloody than the Centaur's feast.

[He cuts their throats.]

So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
 And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths, with Aaron prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
'Till he be brought unto the emperor's face,
For testimony of these foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong;
I fear, the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—

[Exeunt Goths, with Aaron.]

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.— *[Flourish.]*
The trumpets shew the emperor is at hand.

*Sound trumpets. Enter Saturninus and Tamora, with
Tribunes and others.*

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;
These quarrels must be quietly debated.

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will. *[Hautboys.]*

*A table brought in. Enter Titus, like a cook, placing
the meat on the table, and Lavinia, with a veil over
her face.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread
queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well.
To entertain your highness, and your empress.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.
My lord the emperor, resolve me this;
Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforced, stain'd, and deflower'd

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like:—
Die, die; Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;
And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrows die!

[*He kills her.*]

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me
blind.

I am as woeful as Virginius was:

And have a thousand times more cause than he

To do this outrage;—and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did the deed.

Tit. Will't please you eat? will't please your high-
ness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pye;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*He stabs Tamora.*]

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed.

[*He stabs Titus.*]

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?

There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*Lucius Stabs Saturninus.*

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.

Goth. Let Rome herself be bane unto herself;
And she, whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
Do shameful execution on herself.

Mar. But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
Speak, Rome's dear friend; as erit our ancestor,

[*To Lucius.*

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpriz'd king Priam's Troy;
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—
My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance; even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration:
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb, and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
And they it was, that ravished our sister:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears despis'd; and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.

Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
 The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
 To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
 Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
 And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:
 And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
 That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood;
 And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
 Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
 Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;
 My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
 That my report is just, and full of truth.
 But soft, methinks, I do digress too much,
 Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;
 For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak; Behold this child,
 Of this was Tamora delivered;
 The issue of an irreligious Moor,
 Chief architect and plotter of these woes;
 The villain is alive in Titus' house,
 And as he is, to witness this is true.
 Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge
 These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
 Or more than any living man could bear.
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
 Have we done ought amiss? Shew us wherein,
 And, from the place where you behold us now,
 The poor remainder of Andronici
 Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
 And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
 And make a mutual closure of our house.
 Speak, Romans, speak: and if you say we shall,
 Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Em. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
 And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
 Lucius our emperor; for, well I know,
 The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Mar. Lucius, all hail: Rome's royal emperor!
 Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house;
 And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,

To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans; may I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!

But, gentle people, give me aim a while,—

For nature puts me to a heavy task;—

Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,

To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk:—

O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[*Kisses Titus.*]

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,

The last true duties of thy noble son!

Mar. Ay, tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:

O, were the sum of these that I should pay

Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us

To melt in showers: Thy grandfire lov'd thee well:

Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,

Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;

Many a matter hath he told to thee,

Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy!

In that respect then, like a loving child,

Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,

Because kind nature doth require it so:

Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:

Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;

Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandfire, grandfire! even with all my heart

'Would I were dead, so you did live again!—

O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;

My tears will choak me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Romans, with Aaron.

Rom. You sad Andronici, have done with woes;

Give sentence on this execrable wretch,

That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;

There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:

If any one relieves or pities him,

For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,
I should repent the evils I have done;
Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave:
My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tyger, Tamora,
No funeral rights, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey:
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
From whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state;
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

N O T E.

All the editors and critics agree with Mr. Theobald in supposing this play spurious. I see no reason for differing from them; for the colour of the style is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular versification, and artificial closes, not always inelegant, yet seldom pleasing. The barbarity of the spectacles, and the general massacre, which are here exhibited, can scarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience; yet we are told by Jonson, that they are not only borne, but praised. That Shakespeare wrote any part, though Theobald declares it incontrovertible, I see no reason for believing.

The testimony produced at the beginning of this play, by which it is ascribed to Shakespeare, is by no means equal to the argument

against its authenticity, arising from the total difference of conduct, language, and sentiments by which it stands apart from all the rest. Meres had probably no other evidence than that of a title-page, which, though in our time it be sufficient, was then of no great authority; for all the plays which were rejected by the first collectors of Shakespeare's works, and admitted in later editions, and again rejected by the critical editors, had Shakespeare's name on the title, as we must suppose, by the fraudulence of the printers, who, while there were yet no gazettes, nor advertisements, nor any means of circulating literary intelligence, could usurp at pleasure any celebrated name. Nor had Shakespeare any interest in detecting the imposture, as none of its fame or profit was produced by the press.

The chronology of this play does not prove it not to be Shakespeare's. If it had been written twenty-five years in 1614, it might have been written when Shakespeare was twenty-five years old. When he left Warwickshire I know not; but at the age of twenty-five it was rather too late to fly for deer-stealing.

Ravenscroft, who in the reign of Charles II. revised this play, and restored it to the stage, tells us, in his preface, from a theatrical tradition, I suppose, which in his time might be of sufficient authority, that this play was touched in different parts by Shakespeare, but written by some other poet. I do not find Shakespeare's touches very discernible.

Johnson.

THE END.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

<i>Priam,</i>	}	Trojans.
<i>Hector,</i>		
<i>Troilus,</i>		
<i>Paris,</i>		
<i>Deiphobus,</i>		
<i>Helenus,</i>		
<i>Æneas,</i>		
<i>Pandarus,</i>		
<i>Calchas,</i>		
<i>Antenor,</i>		
<i>Margarelon, a Bastard Son of Priam.</i>		
<i>Agamemnon,</i>	}	Greeks.
<i>Achilles,</i>		
<i>Ajax,</i>		
<i>Menelaus,</i>		
<i>Ulysses,</i>		
<i>Nestor,</i>		
<i>Diomedes,</i>		
<i>Patroclus,</i>		
<i>Thersites,</i>		

Helen, Wife to Menelaus.

Andromache, Wife to Hector.

Cassandra, daughter to Priam, a Prophetess.

Cressida, daughter to Calchas.

Alexander, Cressida's Servant.

Boy, Page to Troilus.

Servant to Diomed.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, with other Attendants.

Scene, Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Troy. Priam's palace.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

Troi. **C**ALL here my varlet, I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

Troi. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their
strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my
part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He, that
will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarry'd?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the
boulting.

Troi. Have I not tarry'd?

Pan. Ay, the boulting; but you must tarry the
leavening.

Troi. Still have I tarry'd.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the
word—hereafter the kneading, the making of the cake,
the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you

must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor!—when she comes!—When is she thence?

Pan. Well, she look'd yester-night fairer than ever
I saw her look; or any woman else.

Troi. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain;
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)
Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness.
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than
Helen's, (well, go to) there were no more comparison
between the women,—But, for my part, she is my
kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her,
—But I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday,
as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's
wit: but—

Troi. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus!—
When I do tell thee, There my hopes lye drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, She is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait; her voice
Handlest in thy discourse:—O that her hand!
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman! This thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say,—I love her;
But saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me,
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Troi. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in 't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

Troi. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Troi. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen: and she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Troi. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool, to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her, the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Troi. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Troi. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end. [*Exit Pandarus.*

[*Sound alarum.*

Troi. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lyes, a pearl:
Between our Ilium, and where she resides,

Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
 Ourselves, the merchant; and this sailing Pandar;
 Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

[*Alarum.*] *Enter Æneas.*

Æne. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not
 afield?

Troi. Because not there; This woman's answer sorts,
 For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Troi. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Troi. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
 Paris is gor'd with Menelaus, horn. [*Alarum.*]

Æne. Hark what good sport is out of town to day!

Troi. Better at home, if *would I might, were may,*—
 But, to the sport abroad;—Are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Troi. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A Street.

Enter Cressida, and Alexander her servant.

Cre. Who were those went by?

Serv. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cre. And whither go they?

Serv. Up to the eastern tower,
 Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
 To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
 Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
 He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;
 And, like as there were husbandry in war,
 Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,
 And to the field goes he; where every flower
 Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
 In Hector's wrath.

Cre. What was his cause of anger?

Serv. The noise goes, this: There is among the
 Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;

They call him, Ajax.

Cre. Good; And what of him?

Serv. They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.

Cre. So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick,
or have no legs.

Serv. This man, lady hath robb'd many beasts of
their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion,
churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into
whom nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour
is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion:
there is no man hath a virtue, that he hath not a glimpse
of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries some stain
of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against
the hair: he hath the joints of every thing; but every
thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus,
many hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all
eyes and no sight.

Cre. But how should this man, that makes me smile,
make Hector angry?

Serv. They say, he yesterday cop'd Hector in the
battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame
whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here?

Serv. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cre. Hector's a gallant man.

Serv. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, Cousin Cressid: What do you
talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you,
cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came?
Was Hector arm'd, and gone, ere you came to Ilium?
Helen was not up, was she?

Cre. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

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Pan. Was he angry ?

Cre. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so ; I know the cause too, he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that : and there's Troilus will not come far behind him ; let them take heed of Troilus ; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What, is he angry too ?

Pan. Who, Troilus ? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cre. O Jupiter ! there's no comparifon.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector ?

Do you know a man, if you see him ?

Cre. Ay ; if ever I saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cre. Then you say as I say ; for, I am fure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cre. 'Tis juft to each of them ; he is himself.

Pan. Himself ! Alas, poor Troilus ! I would, he were,——

Cre. So he is.

Pan. —'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cre. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself ? no, he's not himself.—'Would 'a were himself ! Well, the gods are above ; Time muft friend or end : Well, Troilus, well,——I would, my heart were in her body !—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cre. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to 't ; you shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to 't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cre. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess)—Not brown neither.

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cre. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then, Troilus should have too much: if she prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lieve, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cre. Then she's a merry Greek, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into the compass'd window,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cre. Is he so young a man, and so old a lister?

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,——

Cre. Juno have mercy—How come it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think, his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cre. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. O, yes; an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then:---But, to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,——

Cre. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin ;—Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confes.

Cre. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cre. Alas, poor chin ! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But, there was such laughing ;---Queen Hecuba laugh'd, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cre. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laugh'd.

Cre. But there were more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes ;---Did her eyes run o'er too ?

Pan. And Hector laugh'd.

Cre. At what was all this laughing ?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cre. An't had been a green hair, I should have laugh'd too.

Pan. They laugh'd not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cre. What was his answer ?

Pan. Quoth she, *Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cre. This is her question.

Pan. That's true ; make no question of that.

One and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white. That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons. Jupiter ! quoth she, which of these hairs is Paris, my husband ? The forked one, quoth he ; pluck it out, and give it him. But, there was such laughing ! and Helen so blush'd, and Paris so chaf'd, and all the rest so laugh'd, that it pass'd.

Cre. So let it now ; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday ; think on 't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'ts true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April. *[Sound a retreat.]*

Cre. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May.

Pan. Hark they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cre. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

Æneas passes over the stage.

Cre. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Æneas; Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you; but mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Antenor passes over

Pan. That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgment in Troy, whosoever; and a proper man of person:—When comes Troilus?—I'll shew you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cre. If he do, the rich shall have more.

Hector passes over.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that! There's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector;—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there's a countenance: Is 't not a brave man?

Cre. O, brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good—Look you, what hacks are on his helmet? look you yonder, do you see? look you there! There's no jesting: laying on; take't off who will, as they say; there be hacks!

Cre. Be those with swords?

Paris passes over.

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By god's lid, it does one's heart good:—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece: Is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said, he came home hurt to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Helenus passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus,—I marvel, where Troilus is:—That's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day;—That's Helenus.

Cre. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well:—I marvel, where Troilus is!—Hark; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus? Helenus is a priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cre. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him:—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloody'd, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's; And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Enter Soldiers, &c.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cre. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a dray-man, a porter, a very camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?---Why have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cre. Ay, a minc'd man: and then to be bak'd with no date in the pye,---for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lye.

Cre. Upon my back to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lye, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter Troilus' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come [*Exit Boy.*] I doubt he be hurt.—Fare you well, good niece.

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle,——

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cre. By the same token—you are a bawd—

[*Exit Pandarus.*]

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize:
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see

Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
 Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing;
 Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:
 That she belov'd knows nought, that knows not this,---
 Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
 That she was never yet, that ever knew
 Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:
 Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,---
 Achievement is, command; ungain'd, beseech:
 Then though the heart's content firm love doth bear,
 Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The Grecian Camp.

*Trumpets. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Menelaus,
 with others.*

Agam. Princes,
 What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
 The ample proposition, that hope makes
 In all designs begun on earth below,
 Fails in the promis'd largeness; checks and disasters
 Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
 As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
 Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
 Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
 Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
 That we come short of our suppose so far,
 That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
 Sith every action that hath gone before,
 Whereof we have record, trial did draw
 Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
 And that unbodied figure of the thought
 That gave't furmish'd shape. Why then, you princes,
 Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
 And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought
 else

But the protracting trials of great Jove,
 To find persistive constancy in men?
 The fineness of which metal is not found
 In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,

The wife and fool, the artist and unread,
 The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
 But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
 Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
 Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
 And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
 Lyes, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
 Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
 Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
 Lyes the true proof of men: The sea being smooth,
 How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
 Upon her patient breast, making their way
 With those of nobler bulk?
 But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
 The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
 The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
 Bounding between the two moist elements,
 Like Perseus' horse: Where's then the saucy boat,
 Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
 Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
 Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
 Doth valour's shew, and valour's worth, divide
 In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightness,
 The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,
 Than by the tyger: but when splitting winds
 Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
 And flies flee under shade, Why, then, the thing of
 courage,

As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
 And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
 Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,—
 Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
 Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
 In whom the tempers and the minds of all
 Should be shut up,—Hear what Ulysses speaks.
 Besides the applause and approbation
 The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—
 [To Agamemnon.

And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out-life,——
 [To Nestor.]

I give to both your speeches,——which were such,
 As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece,
 Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
 As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
 Should with a bond of air (strong as the axle-tree
 On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears
 To his experienc'd tongue,---yet let it please both,
 Thou great,---and wise,---to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less
 expect

That matter needless, of impartless burden,
 Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
 When rank Therites opes his mastiff jaws,
 We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon her basis, had been down,
 And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
 But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected;
 And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
 Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
 When that the general is not like the hive,
 To whom the foragers shall all repair,
 What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
 The unworthiest shews as fairly in the mask.
 The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
 Observe degree, priority, and place,
 Infisture, course, proportion, season, form,
 Office, and custom, in all line of order:
 And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
 In noble eminence enthron'd and sph'ring
 Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
 Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
 And posts, like the commandant of a king,
 Sans check, to good and bad: But, when the planets,
 In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
 What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
 What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
 Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,

Divert and crack, rend, and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixure? O, when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprize is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or, rather right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.
And this neglect of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb: The general's disdain'd
By him one step below: he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: so every step,
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.
Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd

The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The finew and the forehand of our host,—
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lyes mocking our designs: With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the live long day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
Lyes in his ham-string, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-rested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unsquar'd,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon drop'd,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries—'Excellent?'—'tis Agamemnon just.
'Now play me Nestor;—hem, and stroke thy beard,
'As he, being 'drest to some oration.'
'That's done;—as near as the extreme ends
Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet good Achilles still cries, 'Excellent!
' 'Tis Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,
'Arming to answer in a night alarm.'
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,
And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this sport,
Sir Valour dies; cries, 'O!—enough, Patroclus;
'Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
'In pleasure of my spleen.' And in this fashion,

All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
 Severals and generals of grace exact,
 Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
 Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
 Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
 As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
 (Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
 With an imperial voice) many are infect.
 Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head
 In such a rein, in full as proud a place
 As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
 Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
 Bold as an oracle; and sets Thersites
 (A slave, whose gall coins slander like a mint)
 To match us in comparisons with dirt;
 To weaken and discredit our exposure,
 How rank so ever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
 Count wisdom as no member of the war;
 Foretell prescience, and esteem no act
 But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
 When fitness calls them on, and know, by measure
 Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,
 Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
 They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet war:
 So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
 For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
 They place before his hand that made the engine;
 Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
 By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
 Makes many Thetis' sons. *[Trumpet sounds.]*

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Men. From Troy.

Enter Æneas.

Aga. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

Aga. Even this.

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Æne. May one that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Aga. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Aga. How?

Æne. I ask that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:

Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Aga. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, *Æneas*,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise disdains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth,
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure tran-
scends.

Aga. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself *Æneas*?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Aga. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Aga. He hears nought privately, that comes from
Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent.
And then to speak.

Aga. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:

That thou shalt know, Trojan; he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[Trumpet, s sound.]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector, Priam is his father,
Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce
Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one, among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
That loves his mistress more than in confession,
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves)
And dare avow her beauty, and her worth,
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
'Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Ag. This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: But we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love?
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandfire suck'd: he is old now;

But, if there be not in our Grecian host
 One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
 To answer for his love, Tell him from me,—
 I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
 And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
 And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady
 Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
 As may be in the world: His youth in flood,
 I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

Ane. Now heaven forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Ag. Fair lord *Aeneas*, let me touch your hand;
 To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles, shall have word of this intent;
 So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent;
 Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
 And find the welcome of a noble foe. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Ulysses and Nestor.

Ulyss. *Nestor*,——

Nest. What says *Ulysses*?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
 Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Ulyss. This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The seeded pride
 That hath to its maturity blown up
 In rank *Achilles*, must or now be cropt,
 Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
 To over-bulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant *Hector* sends,
 However it is spread in general name,
 Relates in purpose only to *Achilles*.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
 Whose grossness little characters sum up:
 And, in the publication, make no strain,
 But that *Achilles*, were his brain as barren
 As banks of *Lybia*,—though *Apollo* knows,
 'Tis dry enough,—will with great speed of judgment,
 Ay, with celerity, find *Hector's* purpose

Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet: Whom may you else oppose,

That can from Hector bring those honours off,
If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful combat,
Yet in this trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: And trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In the wild action: for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
To steal a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are in his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;---
Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, shew our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By shewing the worst first. Do not consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes; What are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector.
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:

But he already is too insolent :
 And we were better parch in Africk sun,
 Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
 Should he 'scape Hector fair: If he were foil'd,
 Why, then we did our main opinion crush
 In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery ;
 And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
 The sort to fight with Hector: Among ourselves,
 Give him allowance as the better man,
 For that will physic the great Myrmidon,
 Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall
 His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
 If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
 We'll dress him up in voices: If he fail,
 Yet go we under our opinion still,
 That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
 Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
 Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,
 Now I begin to relish thy advice ;
 And I will give a taste of it forthwith
 To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
 Two curs shall tame each other; Pride alone
 Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Grecian Camp.

Enter Ajax, and Thersites.

Ajax. THERSITES,—

Ther. T Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full, all
 over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites,—

Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did
 not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog.—

Ther. Then there would come some matter from him ; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear ?
Feel then. [*Strikes him.*

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mungrel beef-witted lord !

Ajax. Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak : I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness ; but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou ? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks !

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus ?

Ajax. The proclamation,——

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not ; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the the scratching of thee ; I would make thee the loathsome scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,——

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles ; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou bark'st at him.

Ajax. Mistrefs Therites !

Ther. Thou should'st strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf !

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whorson cur !

[*Beating him.*

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch !

Ther. Ay, do, do ; thou sodden-witted lord ! thou hast no more brain than I have in my elbows ; an assinego may tutor thee : Thou scurvy valiant ass ! thou art here put to thrash Trojans ; and thou art

brought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur!

[*Beating him.*]

Ther. Mars his ideot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus?

How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay look upon him.

Achil. So I do; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but the fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax—

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[*Ajax offers to strike him, Achilles interposes.*]

Ther. Has not so much wit—

Achil. Nay I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: He there; that he, look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur! I shall——

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Therfites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so?—a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Therfites?

Ther. There's Ulysses and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandfathers had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plough up the war.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth; To, Achilles! to Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Therfites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hang'd, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this, fir, is proclaim'd through all our host:

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,

Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare
Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash: Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwise,
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you:—I'll go learn more of it.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

T R O I L.

Priam's Palace.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, and Helenus.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks;
Deliver Helen, and all damage else—

*As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—
Shall be struck off:—Hector, what say you to 't?*

Hec. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
Dread Priam,

There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spungy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows?*
Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:
If we have lost many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours; not worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reason, which denies
The yielding of her up?

Troi. Fie, fie, my brother!

Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with courtiers sum
The past-proportion of his infinite?
And buckle-in a waist most fathomless,
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Troi. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your rea-
sons:

You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels;
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star dis-orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but sat their
thoughts

With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustyhood deject.

Hel. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Troi. What is aught, but as 'tis valu'd?

Hel. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself,
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is inclinable
To what infection itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.

Troi. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;

My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
 Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
 Of will and judgment; How may I avoid,
 Although my will distaste what it elected,
 The wife I chose? There can be no evasion
 To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour:
 We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
 When we have soiled them; nor the remainder viands
 We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
 Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
 Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
 Your breath of full consent belly'd his sails;
 The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
 And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
 And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
 He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and fresh-
 ness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.
 Why keep we her? The Grecians keep our aunt:
 Is she worth keeping? Why, she is a pearl,
 Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
 And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
 If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,
 (As you must needs, for you all cry'd—*Go, go,*)
 If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
 (As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
 And cry'd—*Inestimable!*) why do you now
 The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
 And do a deed that fortune never did,
 Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
 Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
 That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
 But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
 That in their country did them that disgrace,
 We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*within*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Troi. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*within*] Cry, Trojans!

Hel. It is Cassandra.

Enter Cassandra, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hec. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled
elders,

Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!

Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;

Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.

Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:

Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*

Hec. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high
strains

Of divination in our sister work

Some touches of remorse? or is your blood

So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,

Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,

Can qualify the same?

Troi. Why, brother Hector,

We may not think the justness of each act

Such and no other than event doth form it;

Nor once deject the courage of our minds,

Because Cassandra's mad; her brain-sick raptures

Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,

Which hath our several honours all engag'd

To make it gracious. For my private part,

I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:

And Jove forbid, there should be done among us

Such things as would offend the weakest spleen

To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity

As well my undertakings, as your counsels:

But I attest the gods, your full consent

Gave wings to my propension, and cut off

All fears attending on so dire a project.

For what, alas, can these my single arms?

What propugnation is in one man's valour,

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To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasure such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,
That so degenerate a strain as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill-bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;
And on the cause and question now in hand,
Have glaz'd, but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
The reasons you allege, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; For pleasure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners; Now
What nearer debt in all humanity,

Than wife is to the husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection;
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same;
There is a law in each well order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,——
As it is known she is,——these moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd: Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
My sprightly brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependence
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Troi. Why, there you touch the life of our design:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us:
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hec. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.——
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
I was advertis'd their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept;
This, I presume, will wake him. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

*The Grecian Camp.**Achilles' Tent. Enter Therfites.*

How now, Therfites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? He beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! 'would it were otherwise, that I could beat him, whilst he rail'd at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devil's, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then, there's Achilles,—a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken 'till these two undermine it, the walls will stand 'till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*; if ye take not that little, little, less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-arm'd ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing the massy iron, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? Therfites? Good Therfites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit, thou would'st not have flipp'd out of my contemplation: but it is no matter, Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction 'till thy death! then if she that lays thee out, says—thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon 't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; The heavens hear me!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Therſites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheefe, my digeſtion, why haſt thou not ſerv'd thyſelf in to my table ſo many meals? Come, what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles;—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Therſites; 'Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyſelf?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou may'ſt tell, that know'ſt.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole queſtion. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man.—Proceed, Therſites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Therſites is a fool; and, as aforeſaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Therſites is a fool, to ſerve ſuch a fool; and Patroclus is a fool poſitive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover.—It ſuffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Enter Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, Diomedes, and Ajax.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll ſpeak with no body:—
Come in with me Therſites. [Exit.

Ther. Here is ſuch patchery, ſuch juggling, and ſuch knavery! all the argument is—a cuckold, and a whore; A good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry ſerpiſe on the

subject! and war, and lechery, confound them all!

[Exit.]

Aga. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

Aga. Let it be known to him, that we are here.

He shent our messengers: and we lay by

Our appertainments, visiting of him:

Let him be told so; lest perchance, he think

We dare not move the question of our place,

Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him.

[Exit.]

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent;

He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of a proud heart; you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: But why, why? let him shew us a cause.—A word, my lord. [To Agamemnon.]

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No; you see, he is his argument, that has his argument; Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their faction is more our wish, than their faction; But it was a strong compofure, a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untye. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy; His legs are for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry, If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness, and this noble state, To call on him; he hopes, it is no other, But, for your health and your digestion sake, An after-dinner's breath.

Aga. Hear you, Patroclus;—
We are too well acquainted with these answers :
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot out-fly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath ; and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him : yet all his virtues,—
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,—
Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss ;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak to him : And you shall not sin,
If you do say—we think him over-proud,
And under-honest ; in self-assumption greater,
Than in the note of judgment ; and worthier than him-
self,

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on ;
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And under-write in an observing kind
His humourous predominance ; yea, watch
His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this ; and add,
That, if he over-hold his price so much,
We'll none of him ; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lye under this report—
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war :
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant :—Tell him so.

Patr. I shall ; and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*]

Aga. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,
We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter you.
[*Exit Ulysses.*]

Ajax. What is he more than another ?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much ? Do you not think, he thinks
himself

A better man than I ?

Aga. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say,—he is ?

Aga. No, noble Ajax ; you are as strong, as valiant,

As wise, and no less noble, much more gentle,
And altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud?
How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Aga. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues
The fairer. He that's proud, eats up himself:
Pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his
Own chronicle: and whate'er praises itself
But in the deed, devours the deed i' the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. [*Aside.*] And yet he loves himself; Is it not strange?

Re-enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Aga. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only;
He makes important: Possess he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swollen and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself: What should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it
Cry—*No recovery.*

Aga. Let Ajax go to him.—

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes;
When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam;

And never suffers matter of the world
 Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
 And ruminatè himself,—shall he be worshipping'd
 Of that we hold an idol more than he?
 No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
 Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
 Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
 As amply titled as Achilles is,
 By going to Achilles:
 'That were to enlard his fat-already pride:
 And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
 With entertaining great Hyperion.
 'This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;
 And say in thunder—*Achilles go to him.*

Nest. O, this is well: he rubs the vein of him.

[*Aside.*

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!

[*Aside.*

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist
 I'll pash him o'er the face.

Aga. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll phreeze his
 pride:—

Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry insolent fellow,—

Nest. How he describes himself! [*Aside.*

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. The raven chides blackness. [*Aside.*

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Aga. He will be the physician, that should be the
 patient. [*Aside.*

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind,—

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion. [*Aside.*

Ajax. He should not bear it so,

He should eat swords first: Shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*

Ulyss. He would have ten shares. [*Aside.*

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him supple:—

Nest. He's not yet thorough warm: force him with
 praises: [*Aside.*

Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

[To Agamemnon.]

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis the naming of him does him harm.
Here is a man—But 'tis before his face;
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us!
Would, he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now—

Ulyss. If he were proud?

Dio. Or covetous of praise?

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne?

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet
composure;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:

Fam'd be thy tutor: and thy parts of nature

Thrice fam'd, beyond all erudition:

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half: and, for thy vigour,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To finewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor,—

Instructed by the antiquary times,

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;—

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days

As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war;
Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow,
We must with all our main of power stand fast:
And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Aga. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep.
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

TROY.

The Palace.

Enter Pandarus, and a Servant. [Music within.]

Pan. FRIEND! you! pray you, a word: Do not
you follow the young lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman; I
must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. 'Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pan-
darus.

Serv. I hope, I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace?

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship
are my titles:—What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir; it is music in
parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, fir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, fir, and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend?

Serv. Who shall I command, fir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning! At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to 't, indeed, fir: Marry, fir, at the request of Paris my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,——

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No fir, Helen; Could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seeths.

Serv. Sudden business! there's a stew'd phrase, indeed!

Enter Paris, and Helen, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them!—especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, fir,—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out ; we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But (marry) thus, my lord.—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus ; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to :—commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody ; if you do, our melancholy upon your head !

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen ; that's a sweet queen, i'faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a four offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn ; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words ; no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen ; my very very sweet queen ?

Par. What exploit's in hand ? where sups he to-night ?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen ? My cousin will fall out with you.

Helen. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide ; come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say—Cressida ? no your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy ! what do you spy ?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

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Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no she'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. Oh, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love, ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

“Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

“For, oh, love's bow

“Skoots buck and doe:

“The shaft confounds

“Not that it wounds,

“But tickles still the sore.

“These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!

“Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

“Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!

“So dying love lives still:

“Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

“Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

“Hey ho!”

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have arm'd

to-day, but my Nell would not have it so: How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they speed to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit. Sound a retreat.*]

Par. They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall,

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
Or force of Greekish finews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris:
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have;
Yea, over-shines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Pandarus' Garden.

Enter Pandarus, and Troilus' man.

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

Troi. Sirrah, walk off.

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Troi. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for wastage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,

Where I may wallow in the lily beds
 Propos'd for the deserver ! O gentle Pandarus,
 From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
 And fly with me to Cressid !

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I will bring her
 straight. [Exit Pandarus.]

Troi. I am giddy ; expectation whirls me round.
 The imaginary relish is so sweet
 That it enchants my sense ; What will it be,
 When that the watry palate tastes indeed
 Love's thrice-reputed nectar ? death, I fear me ;
 Swooning destruction ; or some joy too fine,
 Too subtle potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,
 For the capacity of my ruder powers :
 I fear it much ; and I do fear besides,
 That I shall lose distinction in my joys ;
 As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
 The enemy flying.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight ;
 you must be witty now. She does so blush, and
 fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with
 a sprite : I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain ;—
 she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow.
[Exit Pandarus.]

Troi. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom :
 My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse ;
 And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
 Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
 The eye of majesty.

Enter Pandarus, and Cressida.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush ? shame's
 a baby.—Here she is now : swear the oaths now to her,
 that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone
 again ? you must be watch'd ere you be made tame, must
 you ? Come your ways, come your ways ; an you
 draw backward, we'll put you i' the files.—Why do
 you not speak to her !—Come draw this curtain, and
 let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loth you
 are to offend day light ! an 'twere dark, you'd close

sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

Troi. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? here's—
In witness whereof the parties interchangeably—Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire.

[Exit Pandarus.]

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Troi. O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus?

Cre. Wish'd, my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord.

Troi. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Troi. Fears make devils of cherubims; they never see truly.

Cre. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Troi. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cre. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Troi. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fires, eat rocks, tame tygers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cre. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one.

They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Troi. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, 'till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert, before his birth; and being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troi. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are constant, being won: they are burrs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cre. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:—

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.

Troi. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cre. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—Pardon me:—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant,
I love you now; but not, 'till now, so much
But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?

But though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not ;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man ;
Or, that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue ;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel : Stop my mouth.

Troi. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cre. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me ;
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss :
I am asham'd ;—O heavens ! what have I done !—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Troi. Your leave, sweet Cressid ?

Pan. Leave ! an you take leave 'till to-morrow
morning,——

Cre. Pray you, content you.

Troi. What offends you, lady ?

Cre. Sir, mine own company.

Troi. You cannot shun yourself.

Cre. Bet me go and try :

I have a kind of self resides with you ;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool.—I will be gone :——
Where is my wit ? I speak I know not what.

Troi. Well know they what they speak, that speak
so wisely.

Cre. Perchance, my lord, I shew more craft than
love ;

And fell so roundly to a large confession ;
To angle for your thoughts : But you are wise ;
Or else you love not ; For to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might ; that dwells with gods above.

Troi. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you)

To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love ;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Out-living beauties outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays !

Or that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
 That my integrity and truth to you
 Might be affronted with the match and weight
 Of such a winnow'd purity in love ;
 How were I then uplifted ! but alas,
 I am as true as truth's simplicity,
 And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cre. In that I'll war with you.

Troi. O virtuous fight,
 When right with right wars who shall be most right !
 True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
 Approve their truths by Troilus : when their rhymes,
 Full of protest, of oaths, and big compare,
 Want similies, truth tir'd with iteration,—
 As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
 As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
 As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—
 Yet after all comparisons of truth,
 As truth's authentic author to be cited,
 As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
 And sanctify the numbers.

Cre. Prophet may you be !
 If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
 When time is old and hath forgot itself,
 When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
 And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
 And mighty states characterless are grated
 To dusty nothing ; yet let memory,
 From false to false, among false maids in love,
 Upbraid my falshood ! when they have said—as false
 As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
 As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
 Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son ;
 Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falshood,
 As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made : seal it, seal it : I'll
 be the witness.—Here I hold your hand ; here, my
 cousin's. If ever you prove false to one another,
 since I have taken such pains to bring you together,
 let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's
 end after my name, call them all—Pandars ; let all

inconstant men be Troilus's, all false women Cressids,
and all brokers-between Pandars ! say amen.

Troi. Amen.

Cre. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will shew you a bed-
chamber ; which bed, because it shall not speak of
your pretty encounters, press it to death : away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,

Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear !

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The Grecian Camp.

*Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomed, Nestor, Ajax,
Menelaus, and Calchas.*

Cal. Now princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompence. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the fight I bear in things, to Jove
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possessions,
Incurr'd a traitor's name ; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes ; sequestering from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature ;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted :
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Aga. What would'st thou of us, Trojan ? make
demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took ; Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still deny'd : But this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,

That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Aga. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

Diom. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear. [*Exit Diomed, and Calchas.*]

Enter Achilles and Patroclus, before their tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent:
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot;—and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him;—
I will come last: 'Tis like he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him:
If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To shew itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's secs.

Aga. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;—
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not lock'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Aga. What says Achilles; would he aught with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord?

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exeunt.*]

Achil. What mean these fellows? know they not Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly, as they used to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings, but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but's honour'd for these honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Doth one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something in me not worth that rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading.—How now, Ulysses?

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son?

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here

Writes me, 'That man—how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;

As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face,
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves—
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there is much consisting)
'Till he communicates his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
'Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended; which, like an arch, reverberates

The voice again; or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things
there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!

How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
While others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,

While pride is feasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it: for they pass'd by me,
As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me
Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great fiz'd monster of ingritudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a streight so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path:
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue; If you give way,
Or, hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an entred tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;—
Or like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'errun and trampled on: Then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours:
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps-in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was; for beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;

And shew to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object :
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax ;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent ;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical ;
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil. Ha ! known ?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder !
The Providence that's in a watchful state,
Knows almost every grain of Pluto's gold.
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps ;
Keeps place with thought ; and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state ;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to :
All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord ;
And better would it fit Achilles much,
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena :
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When Fame shall in our islands sound her trump ;
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
“ Great Hector's sister did Achilles win ;
“ But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.”
Farewell, my lord : I as your lover speak ;

The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break. [*Exit.*

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this:
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O, then beware;
Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves:
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Therfites hither, sweet Patroclus;
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view. A labour fav'd!

Enter Therfites.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector;
and is so prophetically proud of an heroic cudgel-
ling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride, and a stand : ruminates, like an hostess, that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning : bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say—there were wit in this head, an 'twould out ; and so there is ; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not shew without knocking. The man's undone for ever ; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows not me : I said, *Good-morrow, Ajax* ; and he replies, *Thanks, Agamemnon*. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general ? He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion ! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, *Thersites*.

Ther. Who, I ? why, he'll answer no body ; he professes not answering ; speaking is for beggars ; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence ; let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus : Tell him—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarm'd to my tent ; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honour'd captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, &c. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax !

Ther. Hum !

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles.

Ther. Ha !

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent.

Ther. Hum !

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon ?

Patr. Ay my lord,

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to 't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, fir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, fir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knock'd out his brains, I know not; But, I am sure, none; unless the fidler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd; And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt Achilles, and Patroclus.*]

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street in Troy.

Enter at one door Æneas, and Servant, with a torch; at another Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomed, &c. with torches.

Par. SEE, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?—

Had I so good occasion to lie long,

As you, prince Paris, nought but heavenly business

Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord
Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told—how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir.
During all question of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward. In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive, can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize:—Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour let him die,
With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despightful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I
know not.

Par. His purpose meets you; 'Twas to bring this
Greek

To Calchas' house; and there to render him
For the enfrèed Antenor, the fair Cressid:
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us: I constantly do think,

(Or, rather call my thought a certain knowledge)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

Aene. That I assure you:

Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Aene. Good morrow, all. *[Exit.]*

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell me
true,

Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself, or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike:

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her soylure)
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour)
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country: Hear me, Paris,—
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy.

But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Pandarus' House.

Enter Troilus, and Cressida.

Troi. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

Cre. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call my uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.

Troi. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought!

Cre. Good morrow then.

Troi. I pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cre. Are you weary of me?

Troi. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, has rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer.
I would not from thee.

Cre. Night hath been too brief.

Troi. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she
stays,

As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cre. Pr'ythee, tarry;—you men will never tarry.
O foolish Cressida!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarry'd. Hark! there's
one up.

Pan. [*within*] What's all the doors open here?

Troi. It is your uncle.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life,—

Pan. How now, how now? how go maidenheads?—
Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

Cre. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what:
What have I brought you to do?

Cre. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll
ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchia!—hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

[*One knocks.*]

Cre. Did not I tell you?—'would he were knock'd
o' the head!—

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—

My lord, come you again into my chamber:

You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troi. Ha, ha!

Cre. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such
thing.—

How earnestly they knock!—pray you, come in?

[*Knock.*]

I would not for half Troy have you seen here. [*Exeunt.*]

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you
beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter Æneas.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth,
I knew you not: What news with you so early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here!

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him:
It doth import him much, to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know,
I'll be sworn: For my own part I came in late:—
What should he do here?

Æne. Who! —nay, then:—

Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware:
You'll be so true to him, to be false to him:
Do not you know of him, but yet fetch him hither;
Go.

As Pandarus is going out, enter Troilus.

Troi. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash: 'There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
'The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
'The lady Cressida.

Troi. Is it concluded so?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy
They are at hand, and ready to affect it.

Troi. How my achievements mock me!—
I will go meet them; and my lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord, the secrets of neigh-
bour Pandar
Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt Troilus and Æneas.*]

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost? The
devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad.
A plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke's neck.

[*Enter Cressida.*]

Cre. How now? What's the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cre. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord?
gone?

'Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth, as I
am above!

Cre. O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in: Would thou had'st ne'er
been born! I knew, thou would'st be his death:
O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

Cre. Good Uncle, I beseech you on my knees, I
beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone;
thou art chang'd for Antenor: thou must to thy father,
and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill
be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cre. I will not uncle ; I have forgot my father ;
I know no touch of consanguinity ;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!
Make *Cressid*'s name the very crown of falsehood.
If ever she leaves Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can ;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it—I'll go in, and weep.—

Pan. Do, do.

Cre. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised
cheeks ;
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Before Pandarus' house.

Enter Paris, Troilus, Aeneas, Diomedes, &c.

Par. It is great morning ; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon :——Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Troi. Walk into her house ;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently :
And to his hand, when I deliver her,
Think it an altar ; and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart.

[*Exit Troilus.*

Par. I know what 'tis to love ;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!——
Please you, walk in, my lords.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

An Apartment in Pandarus's house.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cre. Why tell you me of moderation ?

The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
 And violenteth in a sense as strong
 As that which causeth it : How can I moderate it?
 If I could temporize with my affection,
 Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
 The like allayment could I give my grief :
 My love admits no qualifying dross ;
 No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah sweet
 ducks !

Cre. O Troilus ! Troilus !

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here ! Let me embrace too : *O heart*,—as the goodly saying is,—
 ————*o heart, o heavy heart,*

Why figh'st thou without breaking ?

Where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart

By friendship, nor by speaking.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away
 nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse ;
 we see it, we see it.—How now lambs ?

Troi. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
 That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,
 More bright in zeal than the devotion which
 Cold lips blow to their deities—take thee from me.

Cre. Have the gods envy ?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay ; 'tis too plain a case.

Cre. And is it true, that I must go from Troy ?

Troi. A hateful truth.

Cre. What, and from Troilus too ?

Troi. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cre. Is it possible ?

Troi. And suddenly ; where injury of chance
 Puts back leave-taking, jostles roughly by
 All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
 Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
 Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
 Even in the birth of our own labouring breath :
 We two, that with so many thousand sighs

Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath, and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Aeneas [*within*]. My lord! is the lady ready?

Troi. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius fo

Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die.—
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind,
Or my heart will be blown up by the root.

[*Exit Pandarus.*]

Cre. I must then to the Grecians?

Troi. No remedy.

Cre. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
When shall we see again?

Troi. Hear me, my love:—Be thou but true of heart,——

Cre. I true! how now? what wicked deem is this?

Troi. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:——

I speak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to death himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart:
But, *be thou true*, say I, to fashion in
My frequent protestation; be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cre. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

Troi. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear
this sleeve.

Cre. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Troi. I will corrupt the Grecian centinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet, be true.

Cre. O heavens!—be true, again?

Troi. Hear why I speak it, love: The Grecian youths

Are well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelties may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
Makes me afraid.

Cre. O heavens! you love me not.

Troi. Die I a villain then!

In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discourfivè devil;
That tempts most cunningly; but be not tempted.

Cre. Do you think, I will?

Troi. No.

But something may be done, that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Aeneas [*within.*] Nay, good my lord—

Troi. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Paris [*within.*] Brother Troilus!

Troi. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Aeneas, and the Grecian, with you.

Cre. My lord, will you be true?

Troi. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

Enter Aeneas, Paris, and Diomed.

Welcome, sir Diomed! here is the lady,

Whom for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
And, by the way, possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects;
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Troi. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee.
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be called her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O be not mov'd, prince Troilus:
Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust: And know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say—be't so,
I speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

Troi. Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt Troilus and Cressida.* Sound trumpet.]

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Ane. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field with
him.

Dio. Let us make ready straight.

Aene. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
 Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
 The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
 On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

The Grecian Camp.

*Enter Ajax arm'd, Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus,
 Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, &c.*

Aga. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair
 Anticipating time with starting courage.
 Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
 Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
 May pierce the head of the great combatant,
 And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse:
 Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
 Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek
 Out-swell the cholic of puff'd Aquilon:
 Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
 Thou blow'st for Hector.

Uly. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Aga. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

Uly. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait?
 He rises on his toe; that spirit of his
 In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomed, with Cressida.

Aga. Is this the lady Cressida?

Dio. Even she.

Aga. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Uly. Yet is the kindness, but particular;
 'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel; I'll begin.
 So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady;
 Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now;

For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment ;
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns !
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss ; this, mine ;
Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim !

Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir :—Lady, by your leave.

Cre. In kissing, do you render, or receive ?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cre. I'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give ;
Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cre. You're an odd man ; give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady ? every man is odd.

Cre. No, Paris is not ; for, you know, tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cre. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you ?

Cre. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cre. Why, beg then.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady a word ; I'll bring you to your father.

[*Diomed leads out Cressida.*]

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fie, fie, upon her !

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks ; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coaxing welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts

To every ticklish reader! set them down
 For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
 And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*]

All. The Trojans' trumpet!

Aga. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter Hector, Æneas, Troilus, &c. with attendants.

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! What shall be
 done to him

That victory commands? Or do you purpose
 A victor shall be known? Will you, the knights
 Shall to the edge of all extremity
 Pursue each other; or shall they be divided
 By any voice or order of the field?
 Hector bade ask.

Aga. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

Aga. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
 A little proudly, and great deal misprising
 The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
 What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know this:
 In the extremity of great and little,
 Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
 The one almost as infinite as all,
 The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
 And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.
 This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood;
 In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
 Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
 This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden battle then:—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter Diomed.

Aga. Here is sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,
 Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas
 Consent upon the order of their fight.
 So be it; either to the uttermost,
 Or else a breath: the combatants being kin,
 Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Aga. What Trojan is that same which looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open; and both free;
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shews;
Yet gives he not, till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous:
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love:
They call him Troilus, and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.*]

Aga. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Troi. Hector, thou sleep'st, awake thee!

Aga. His blows are well dispos'd:—there Ajax!

[*Trumpets cease.*]

Dio. You must no more.

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more:—

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,

A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:

Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,

That thou could'st say—"this hand is Grecian all,

"And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg

"All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood

"Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister

"Bounds in my father's;" by Jove multipotent,

Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member

Wherein my sword had not impresse made
 Of our rank feud: But the just Gods gainsay,
 That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
 My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
 Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
 By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
 Hector would have them fall upon him thus:—
 Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:
 Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
 I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
 A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable
 (On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes
 Cries, *This is he*) could promise to himself
 A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
 What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it;
 The issue is embracement:—, Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
 (As feld I have the chance) I would desire
 My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

(*Dio.* 'Tis Agamemnon's wish; and great Achilles
 Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me;
 And signify this loving interview
 To the expecters of our Trojan part;
 Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin;
 I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
 But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
 Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Aga. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
 That would be rid of such an enemy:
 But that's no welcome: Understand more clear,
 What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with husks
 And formless ruin of oblivion;
 But in this extant moment, faith and truth,

Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Aga. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.

[*To Troilus.*]

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;—

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer?

Men. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen
thee

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduments,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air
Not letting it decline on the declined;
That I have said to some my standers-by,

Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!

And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandfire,
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;
And worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:—
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,

As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha ! 'By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.

Well, welcome, welcome ! I have seen the time—

Ulys. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
Ah sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulys. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue :
My prophecy is but half his journey yet ;
For yonder walls that pertly front your town,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you :
There they stand yet ; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood : The end crowns all ;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.

Ulys. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome :
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou !—
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee ;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles ?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee : let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief ; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er ;

But there's more in me than thou understand'st.

Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body

Shall I destroy him? whether there, there, or there?

That I may give the local wound a name;

And make distinct the very breach, whereout

Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me, heavens!

Hect. It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,

To answer such a question: Stand again:

Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,

As to prenominate in nice conjecture,

Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,

I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;

For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;

But, by the forge that stithy'd Mars his helm,

I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—

You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,

His insolence draws folly from my lips;

But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,

Or may I never——

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;——

And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,

Till accident, or purpose, bring you to 't:

You may have every day enough of Hector,

If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,

Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field:

We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd

The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?

To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;

To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Aga. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;

There in the full convive we: afterwards,

As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall

Concur together, severally intreat him.——

Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great foldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manent Troilus, and Ulysses.

Troi. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulys. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks on heaven, nor on the earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Troi. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulys. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there,
That wails her absence?

Troi. O, sir, to such as boasting shew their scars
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was lov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Achilles' Tent.

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

Achil. I'LL heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,

Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter Thersites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?

Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivell'd fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson undistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleeve silk, thou green farcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pester'd with such water-flies; diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.

Here is a letter from queen Hecuba:

A token from her daughter, my fair love;

Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep

An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:

Fail, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay;

My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—

Come, come, Therfites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting must all be spent.—

Away, Patroclus.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain these too may run mad: but if with too much brain and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he hath not so much brain as ear-wax: And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds: a thrifty shooting-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him? To an ass, were nothing: he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing: he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be a Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Therfites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey day! spirits, and fires!

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, and Diomed, with lights.

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;

There, where we see the light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulys. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

Aga. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night. Ajax commands the guard to 'tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught: Sweet, quoth a! sweet sink,
sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to
those

That go, or tarry.

Ag. Good night. [*Exeunt Agam. and Menel.*]

Achil. Old Nestor tarries: and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,
The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulys. Follow his torch, he goes to Calchas' tent;
I'll keep you company. [*To Troilus.*]

Troi. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so, good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue,
a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when
he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he
will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the
hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretel
it; it is prodigious, there will come some change;
the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps
his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not
to dog him: they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and
uses the traitor Calchas his tent: I'll after.—Nothing
but lechery! all incontinent varlets!

S C E N E II.

Calchas' Tent. Enter Diomed.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—

Calchas, I think. Where is your daughter?

Cal. She comes to you.

*Enter Troilus, and Ulysses at a distance; after them
Thersites.*

Ulys. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter Cressida.

Troi. Cressida come forth to him !

Dio. How now, my charge ?

Cre. Now, my sweet guardian !—Hark,
A word with you. [*Whispers.*

Troi. Yea, so familiar !

Ulys. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man

May sing her, if he can take her cliff ; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember ?

Cre. Remember ? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then ;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Troi. What should she remember ?

Ulys. Lift !

Cre. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to
folly.

Ther. Roguery !

Dio. Nay then,——

Cre. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Pho ! pho ! come, tell a pin . You are for-
sworn——

Cre. In faith, I cannot : What would you have me
do ?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me ?

Cre. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath ;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Troi. Hold, patience !

Ulys. How now, Trojan ?

Cre. Diomed,——

Dio. No, no, good night : I'll be your fool no
more.

Troi. Thy better must.

Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.

Troi. O plague and madness !

Ulys. You are mov'd, prince ; let us depart, I pray
you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself

To wrathful terms : this place is dangerous ;
The time right deadly ; I beseech you go.

Troi. Behold, I pray you !

Ulys. Now good my lord, go off :

You flow to great distraction : come, my lord.

Troi. I pr'ythee, stay.

Ulys. You have not patience ; come,

Troi. I pray you, stay ; by hell, and by hell's torments,

I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so good night.

Cre. Nay, but you part in anger.

Troi. Doth that grieve thee ?

O wither'd truth !

Ulys. Why, how now, my lord ?

Troi. By Jove, I will be patient.

Cre. Guardian !—why, Greek !

Dio. Pho, pho ! adieu ; you palter.

Cre. In faith, I do not ; come hither once again.

Ulys. You shake, my lord, at something ; will you go ?

You will break out.

Troi. She strokes his cheek !

Ulys. Come, come.

Troi. Nay, stay ; by Jove, I will not speak a word.

There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience :—stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump,
and potatoe finger, tickles these together ! Fry, lechery, fry !

Dio. But will you then ?

Cre. In faith, I will, la ; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cre. I'll fetch you one.

Ulys. You have sworn patience.

Troi. Fear me not, my lord ;

I will not be myself, nor have cognition

Of what I feel ; I am all patience.

Re-enter Cressida.

Ther. Now the pledge ; now, now, now !

Cre. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

- Troi.* O beauty !
Where is thy faith ?
Ulyf. My lord,——
Troi. I will be patient ; outwardly I will.
Cre. You look upon that sleeve : Behold it well.——
He lov'd me—O false wench ! Give it me again.
Dio. Whose was it ?
Cre. It is no matter, now I have it again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night :
I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.
Ther. Now she sharpens ;—Well said, whetstone.
Dio. I shall have it.
Cre. What, this ?
Dio. Ay, that.
Cre. O, all ye gods !—O pretty, pretty pledge !
Thy master now lies thinking on his bed
Of thee, and me ; and sighs, and and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty-kisses to it,
As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me ;
He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.
Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.
Troi. I did swear patience.
Cre. You shall not have it, Diomed ; faith you shall
not ;
I'll give you something else.
Dio. I will have this ; Whose was it ?
Cre. It is no matter.
Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.
Cre. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you will.
But now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whose was it ?
Cre. By all Diana's waiting women yonder,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.
Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm ?
And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.
Troi. Wer't thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy
horn,
It should be challeng'd.
Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past ;—And yet it
is not ;

I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell;

Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cre. You shall not go:—One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you,
Pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cre. Ay, come:—O Jove!—

Do, come:—I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell, till then:

[*Exit.*]

Cre. Good night. I pr'y thee, come.

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;

But with my heart the other eye doth see.—

Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind:

What error leads, must err; O then conclude,

Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. [*Exit.*]

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she say, My mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulys. All's done, my lord.

Troi. It is.

Ulys. Why stay we then?

Troi. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But, if I tell how these two did co-act,

Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,

An esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;

As if those organs had deceptive functions,

Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here?

Ulys. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Troi. She was not, sure.

Ulys. Most sure, she was.

Troi. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness:

Ulys. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.

Troi. Let it not be believed for womanhood!

Think, we had mothers ; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics—apt, without a theme,
For depravation—to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule : rather think this not Cressid.

Uly. What hath she done, prince, that can foil our
mothers ?

Troi. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes ?

Troi. This she ? no, this is Diomed's Cressida.

If beauty have a soul, this is not she ;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This is not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself !
Bi-fold authority ! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt ; this is, and is, not, Cressid !
Within my soul there doth commence a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides far wider than the sky and earth ;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
As Arachne's broken woof, to enter.
Instance, O instance ! strong as Pluto's gates ;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven :
Instance, O instance ! strong as heaven itself ;
The bonds of heav'n are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd ;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Uly. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express ?

Troi. Ay, Greek ; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus : never did young man fancy
With so eternal, and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek :—As much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed :

That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;
 Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
 My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,
 Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
 Constring'd in mafs by the almighty fun,
 Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
 In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
 Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Troi. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
 Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
 And they'll seem glorious.

Ulys. O, contain yourself;
 Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord;
 Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
 Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Troi. Have with you, prince:—My courteous lord,
 adieu:—

Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
 Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulys. I'll bring you to the gates.

Troi. Accept distracted thanks.

[Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.]

Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed. I
 would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would
 bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intel-
 ligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for
 an almond than he for a commodious drab. Lechery,
 lechery; still wars and lechery: nothing else holds
 fashion: A burning devil take them! *[Exit.]*

S C E N E III.

The palace of Troy.

Enter Hector, and Andromache.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
 To stop his ears against admonishment?
 Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hec. You train me to offend you; get you in:

By all the everlasting gods, I go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent:

Confort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, it is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of fally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful
For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose, that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious, dear than life.—

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit Cassandra.*]

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness,
youth;

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Troi. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion, than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me
for it.

Troi. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Troi. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now? how now?

Troi. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fie, savage, fie!

Troi. Hector, then 'tis wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Troi. Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'er-galled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter Cassandra, with Priam.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Priam. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee—that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Aeneas is a-field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the face of valour, to appear

This morning to them.

Priam. But thou shalt not go.

Heet. I must not break my faith.

You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Heet. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit Andromache.*]

Troi. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector!

Look, how thou dy'st! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents:
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!
Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Troi. Away!—Away!—

Cas. Farewel. Yet soft:—Hector, I take my leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*]

Heet. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight,
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewel: The gods with safety stand about
thee! [*Exit Priam.*]

Alarums.

Troi. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Troi. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yon' poor girl.

Troi. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson phthific, a whoreson rascally phthi-
fic so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl;
and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave

you one o' these days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ach in my bones, that, unless a man were curst, I cannot tell what to think on't.—What says she there?

Troi. Words, words, mere words, no matter, from the heart; [Tearing the letter.]

The effect doth operate another way.—

Go, wind to wind, there turn and change together.—

My love with words and errors still she feeds;

But edifies another with her deeds.

Pan. Why, but hear you—

Troi. Hence, broker-lacquey!—Ignomy and shame Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name! [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Between Troy and the Camp.

[Alarum.] Enter *Thersites*.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy, there, in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old mouse-eaten drycheese, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not prov'd worth a black-berry:—They set me up in policy, that mungril cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles; and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles; and will not arm to day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism; and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes sleeve, and t' other.

Enter Diomed, and Troilus.

Troi. Fly not; for, shouldst thou take the river Styx, I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost mis-call retire:

I do not fly; but advantageous care

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W

Withdrew me from the odds of multitude :

Have at thee!

[*They go off fighting.*]

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy
whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

Enter Hector.

Hec. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's
match?

Art thou of blood, and honour?

Ther. No, no;—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing
knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hec. I do believe thee;—live.

[*Exit.*]

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me;
but a plague break thy neck, for frightening me!
What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they
have swallow'd one another: I would laugh at that
miracle. Yet, in a fort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek
them.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E V.

The Same. Enter Diomed, and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou 'Troilus' horse;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord.

Enter Agamemnon.

Aga. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner;
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corse of the kings
Epitrophus and Cediis: Prolixenes is slain;
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt:
Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruised: the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers; haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;

And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—
 There is a thousand Hector's in the field :
 Now here he fights on Galathea his horse,
 And there lacks work ; anon, he's there afoot,
 And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls
 Before the belching whale ; then is he yonder,
 And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge
 Fall down before him, like the mower's swath :
 Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes ;
 Dexterity so obeying appetite,
 That what he will, he does ; and does so much,
 That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulys. O courage, courage, princes ! great Achilles
 Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance :
 Patroclus' wounds have rouz'd his drowsy blood,
 Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
 That noseless, handleless, hack'd and chip'd, come to
 him,

Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
 And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
 Roaring for Troilus ; who hath done to-day
 Mad and fantastic execution ;
 Engaging and redeeming of himself,
 With such a careless force, and forceless care,
 As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
 Bade him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus ! thou Coward Troilus ! [Exit.

Dio. Ay, there, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together. [Exeunt.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this Hector ?
 Come, come, thou boy-queller, shew thy face ;
 Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
 Hector ! where's Hector ? I will none but Hector.
[Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

Another Part of the Field. Re-enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, shew thy head !

Enter Diomed.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office,
Ere that correction:—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter Troilus.

Troilus. O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face thou
traitor,

And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there!

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone; stand Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize; I will not look upon.

Troi. Come both, you cogging Greeks; have at
you both. [*Exeunt fighting.*]

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest
brother!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now, do I see thee: Ha!—Have at thee
Hector. [*Fight.*]

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy, that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune.

Hect. Fare thee well:—

I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

Re-enter Troilus.

Troi. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I say!
I reckon not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*]

Enter one in Armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly
mark:—

No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;

I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VII.

The Same.

Enter Achilles, with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say,—Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your arms.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—
It is decreed—Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

The Same.

Enter Therfites, Menelaus, and Paris.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at
it: Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now
my double-hen'd sparrow! 'loo, Paris, loo! The
bull has the game:---'ware horns, ho!

[*Exeunt Paris, and Menelaus.*]

Enter Margarelon.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a
bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind,
bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One
bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one
bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to
us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts
judgment: Farewel, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward. [*Exeunt:*]

S C E N E IX.

Another Part of the Field. Enter Hector.

Hect. Most patrified core, so fair without,

Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!

Enter Achilles, and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels;
Even with the vail and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd; forgo this 'vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I
seek. *[Hector falls.]*

So, Ilion, fall thou next! now Troy, sink down;
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—

On, myrmidons; and cry you all amain,

'Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.'

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'er spreads the
earth,

And stickler-like, the armies separate.

My half-supt sword, that frankly would have fed,

Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed,

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;

Along the field I will the Trojan trail. *[Exeunt.]*

[Sound retreat. Shout.]

S C E N E X.

The Same.

*Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes,
and the rest, marching.*

Aga. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums.

Sol. Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet brags let it be;

Great Hector was as good a man as he.

Aga. March patiently along:—Let one be sent,
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—

If in his death the gods have us befriended,

Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E XI.

Another Part of the Field. Enter Æneas, and Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Hector is slain.

All. Hector?—the gods forbid!

Troi. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
I say, at once! let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Troi. You understand me not, that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence, that gods, and men,
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him, that will a screech-owl eye be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead!
There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives;
Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet;—You vile abominable tents
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you!—And thou, great sized
coward!
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go;
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt Æneas. &c.*]

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Troi. Hence, broker lacquey! ignomy and shame.

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name !

[*Exit Troilus.*]

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones !

Oh world ! world ! world ! thus is the poor agent
despis'd !

O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a'
work, and how ill requited ! Why should our endea-
vour be so lov'd, and the performance so loath'd ?
what verse for it ? what instance for it ?—Let me
see :—

Full merrily the humble bee doth sing,

Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting :

But being once subdu'd in armed tail,

Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.

As many as be here of Pandar's hall,

Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pander's fall :

Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,

Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.

Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,

Some two months hence my will shall here be made :

It should be now, but that my fear is this—

Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss :

Till then, I'll sweat, and seek about for eases ;

And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases. [*Exit.*]

NOTE.

This play is more correctly written than most of Shakespeare's compositions, but it is not one of those in which either the extent of his views or elevation of his fancy is fully displayed. As the story abounded with materials, he has exerted little invention ; but he has diversified his characters with great variety, and preserved them with great exactness. His vicious characters sometimes disgust, but cannot corrupt, for both Cressida and Pandarus are detested and condemned. The comick characters seem to have been the favourites of the writer ; they are of the superficial kind, and exhibit more of manners than nature : but they are copiously filled, and powerfully impressed.

Shakespeare has in his story followed for the greater part the old book of Caxton, which was then very popular ; but the character of Ther-sites, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that this play was written after Chapman had published his version of Homer.

Johnson.

CYMBELINE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Cymbeline, King of Britain.

Cloten, Son to the Queen by a former husband.

Leonatus Posthumus, a Gentleman married to the Princess.

Belarius, a banished Lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.

Guiderius, } disguised under the Names of Polydore and
Arviragus } Cadwal, supposed Sons to Belarius.

Philario, an Italian, Friend to Posthumus.

Iachimo, Friend to Philario.

Caius Lucius, Ambassador from Rome.

Pisano, Servant to Posthumus.

A French Gentleman.

Cornelius, a Physician.

Two Gentlemen.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.

Imogen, Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.

Helen, Woman to Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, a Tribune, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in Britain; sometimes in Italy.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter two gentlemen.

No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers,
Still seem, as does the king's.

1 *Gent.* His daughter and the heir of his kingdom,
whom

2 *Gent.* None but the king?

2 Gent. And why so?

I *Gent.* He that hath mis'd the princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
I mean that marry'd her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such,
As, to seek through the regions of the earth

For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far.

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2 *Gent.* What's his name, and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom,
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success;
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons; who, in the wars o' the time,
Dy'd with their swords in hand: for which, their father
(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber;
Puts to him all the learning that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and
In his spring became a harvest: Liv'd in court,
(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd:
A sample to the youngest; to the more mature,
A glass that featur'd them; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is the sole child to the king?

1 *Gent.* His only child.

He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it) the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so convey'd!
So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear: here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princefs. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, Imogen, and Attendants.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day,

Queen. You know the peril:—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [*Exit.*

Imo. O dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing;
(Always reserv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me: You must be gone;

And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth,
My residence in Rome, at one Philario's;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure:—Yet, I'll move him.
[*Aside.*

To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
Pays dear for my offences.

[*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
'The lothness to depart would grow: Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too pretty. Look here, love:
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And tear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou here

[*Putting on the ring.*

While sense can keep it on! And sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
I still win of you: For my sake, wear this;

It is a manacle of love; I'll place it

[Putting a bracelet on her arm.]

Upon this fairest prisoner.

Imo. O, the gods! —

When shall we see again?

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!

If, after this command, thou fraught the court

With thy unworthiness, thou dy'st: Away!

Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you!

And bless the good remainders of the court!

I am gone.

[Exit.]

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death

More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,

That should'st repair my youth; thou heapest

A year's age on me!

Imo. I beseech you, sir,

Harm not yourself with your vexation; I

Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare

Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my queen!

Imo. O blest, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made
my throne

A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added

A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:

You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is

A man, worth any woman; over-buys me

Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What?—art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, fir: Heaven restore me!—Would I
were
A neat-herd's daughter! and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!
They were again together: you have done
[*To the queen.*
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your patience:—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace!—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves: and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [Exit.

Enter Pisanio.

Queen. Fie!—you must give way:
Here is your servant.—How now, fir? What news?

Pis. My lord, your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his
part.—

To draw upon an exile!—O brave fir!—
I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back. Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command: He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,

He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence, pray you speak with me:

You shall, at least, go see my lord aboard:

For this time, leave me.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

1 Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: Where air comes out, air comes in; there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clot. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it-- Have I hurt him?

2 Lord. No, faith; not so much as his patience.

[*Aside.*]

1 Lord. Hurt him? his body's a passable carcase, if he be not hurt: it is a thorough-fare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2 Lord. His steel was in debt; it went o' the back-side of the town.

[*Aside.*]

Clot. The villain would not stand me.

2 Lord. No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

[*Aside.*]

1 Lord. Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

2 Lord. As many inches as you have oceans: Puppies?

[*Aside.*]

Clot. I would, they had not come between us.

2 Lord. So would I, till you had measur'd how long a fool you were upon the ground.

[*Aside.*]

Clot. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2 Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd.

[*Aside.*]

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and

her brain go not together: She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 Lord. She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [Aside.]

Clot. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been some hurt done!

2 Lord. I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [Aside.]

Clot. You'll go with us?

1 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clot. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my lord. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Imogen's Apartments.

Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst ev'ry sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. 'Twas, ' His queen, his queen!'

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye, or ear,
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and starts of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after eye-him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd
them, but
To look upon him; till the diminution

Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle :
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air ; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, Madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say : ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such ; or I could make him swear,
The she's of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour ; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with prisons, for then
I am in heaven for him ; or e'er I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things, I bid you do, get them dispatch'd,
I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Rome.

An Apartment in Philario's House.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, and a Frenchman.

Iach. Believe it, sir : I have seen him in Britain : he
was then of a crescent note ; expected to prove so wor-
thy, as since he has been allowed the name of : but I
could then have look'd on him without the help of ad-
mirations ; though the catalogue of his endowments had
been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd
than now he is, with that which makes him both with-
out and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter (wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her value, than his own) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. Ay, and the approbations of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you?—How creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life:

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine:—How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness; I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by other's experiences: but, upon my mended judgment, (If I offend not to say it is mended) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement

of swords ; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference ?

French. Safely, I think : 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses : This gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living : or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provok'd as I was in France, I would abate her nothing ; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not believe she excelled many : but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her ; so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at ?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken : the one may be sold, or given ; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift : the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you ?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may, wear her in title your's: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, of your brace of unprisable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual: a cunning thief, or a that-way accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier, to convince the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yel ding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something: But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you are worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a punishment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you chuse to assail?

Iach. Yours; who in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your

ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserv'd

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a drachm, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue: you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return.—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods, it is one:—if I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours;—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us;—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduc'd, (you not making it appear otherwise) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;

Make haste: who has the note of them?

1 Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Dispatch.—

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Now, master doctor; have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam:

But I beseech your grace, (without offence;
My conscience bids me ask) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I wonder, doctor,

Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,
(Unless thou think'st me devilish) is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, (but none human),
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their aëts; and by them gather
Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness

Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
But noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.—

Enter Pisanio.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him
Will I first work; he's for his master, [Aside.
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm.— [Aside.

Queen. Hark thee, a word.— [To Pisanio.

Cor. [Aside.] I do not like her. She doth think,
she has

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature: Those she has,
Will stupify and dull the sense a while:
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and dogs;
Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what shew of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [Exit.

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think,
in time

She will not quench; and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,
I'll tell thee on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master: greater; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp: Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day, that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him: What shalt thou expect,
To be depend on a thing that leans?

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Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,
 [The Queen drops a phial: Pisanio takes it up.
 So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up
 Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour;
 It is a thing I make, which hath the king
 Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know
 What is more cordial:—Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
 It is an earnest of a further good
 That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
 The case stands with her: do't, as from thyself.
 Think what a chance thou changest on; but think
 Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
 Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king
 To any shape of thy preferment, such
 As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound
 To load thy merit richly. Call my women:

[Exit Pisanio.

Think on my words.—A fly and constant knave;
 Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master;
 And the remembrancer of her, to hold
 The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of liegers for her sweet; and which she, after,
 Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re-enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done:
 The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
 Bear to my closet:—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
 Think on my words. [Exeunt Queen, and Ladies.

Pis. And shall do:

But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
 I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you. [Exit.

S C E N E VII.

Imogen's Apartment. Enter Imogen.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
 A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
 That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband!
 My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated

Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious: Blessed be those,
How mean foe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be? Fie!

Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [Gives a letter.]

Imo. Thanks, good sir;
You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!
If she be furuish'd with a mind so rare, [Aside.]
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imogen Reads.

——“He is one of the noblest note, to whose kind-
“ness I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him
“accordingly; as you value your trust:

“LEONATUS.”

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.

What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes [Aside.]

To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such she's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other: Nor i' the judgment;
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: Nor i' the appetite;
Sluttary, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running) ravening first
The lamb, longs after the garbage.

Imo. What, dear fir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well;—'Beseech you, fir,
[To *Pisano*.]

Desire my man's abode where I did leave him:
He's strange, and peevish.

Pis. I was going, fir,
To give him welcome.

Imo. Continues well my lord? his health, 'beseech
you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from's free lungs, cries! "O!
" Can my fides hold, to think, that man,—who knows

" By history, report, or his own proof,
 " What woman is, yea, what she cannot chuse
 " But must be,—will his free hours languish
 " For assur'd bondage?"

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with
 laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,
 And hear him mock the Frenchman: But, heavens know,
 Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards
 him might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
 In you,—which I account his, beyond all talents,—
 Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
 To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?

You look on me; what wreck discern you in me,
 Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! what!
 To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
 I'the dungeon by a snuff!

Imo. I pray you, sir,
 Deliver with more openness your answers
 To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
 I was about to say, enjoy your——But
 It is an office of the gods to 'venge it,
 Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
 Something of me, or what concerns me: Pray you,
 (Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
 Than to be sure they do: For certainties
 Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing,
 The remedy then born) discover to me
 What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek

To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
 Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
 To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
 Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
 Fixing it only here: should I (damn then)
 Slave with lips as common as the stairs
 That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
 Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as
 With labour); then lie peeping in an eye,
 Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
 That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,
 That all the plagues of hell should at one time
 Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
 Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
 Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
 The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
 That, from my muteest conscience, to my tongue,
 Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart,
 With pity that doth make me sick. A lady
 So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
 Would make the greatest king double! to be partner'd
 With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition
 Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures,
 That play with all infirmities for gold
 Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff,
 As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
 Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
 Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!

How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,
 (As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
 Must not in haste abuse) if it be true,
 How should I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
 Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets;
 Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,

In your despight, upon your purse ? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure ;
More noble than that runagate to your bed ;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as cure.

Imo. What ho ! Pisanio !

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away !—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou woul'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st ; as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour ; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike :—What, ho, Pisanio !
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault : If he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us ; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio !

Iach. O happy Leonatus ! I may say ;
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust : and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit !—Blessed live you long !
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his ! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit ! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted ; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er : And he is one
The truest manner'd ; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him :
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god :
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty prince, that I have adventur'd

To try your taking of a false report ; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment.
In the election of a fir so rare,
Which you know, cannot err: The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus ; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, fir: Take my power i' the court
for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
'To intreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord ; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord
(The best feather of our wing) have mingled sums,
'To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'Tis plate, of rare device ; and jewels,
Of rich and exquisite form: their value great ;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage ; May it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly ;

And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night ;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech ; or I shall short my word,
By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains ;
But not away to-morrow?

Iach. O, I must, madam:
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please

To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have out-stood my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.

Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You are very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

Clot. **W**AS there ever man had such luck! when
I kiss'd the jack upon an up-cast, to be
hit away! I had a hundred pound on't: And then
a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing;
as if I borrow'd my oaths of him, and might not spend
them at my pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that? You have broke his
pate with your bowl.

2 Lord. If his wit had been like him that broke it,
it would have run all out. [*Aside.*]

Clot. When a gentleman is dispos'd to swear, it is
not for any standers-by to curtail his oath: Ha!

2 Lord. No, my lord; nor crop the ears of them.

[*Aside.*]

Clot. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction?
'Would, he had been one of my rank!

2 Lord. To have smelt like a fool. [*Aside.*]

Clot. I am not vex'd more at any thing in the earth,
A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they
dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mo-
ther; every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting,
and I must go up and down like a cock that no body
can match.

2 Lord. You are a cock and a capon too; and you

crow, cock, with your comb on.

[*Aside.*

Clot. Say'st thou?

1 *Lord.* It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that: but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clot. Why, so I say.

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night?

Clot. A stranger! and I not know on't!

2 *Lord.* He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*Aside.*

1 *Lord.* There's an Italian come; and 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clot. Leonatus! a banish'd rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 *Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1 *Lord.* You cannot derogate my lord.

Clot. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a fool granted; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. [*Aside.*

Clot. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt Cloten, and first Lord.*

That such a crafty devil as his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots: a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm

The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

*A Bed-chamber; in one part of it a Trunk.
Imogen reading in her bed; a Lady attending.*

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:—
Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four of the clock,
I pr'y thee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[Exit lady.

To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye!

[Sleeps.

[Iachimo, from the trunk.

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch
But kifs; one kifs!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o' the taper
Bows towards her; and would under-peep her lids
To see the inclosed lights, now canopy'd
Under these windows: White and azure! lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design?
To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—
Such, and such pictures?—There the window:—Such
The adornment of her bed:—The arras, figures?
Why, such, and such:—And the contents o' the story,
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,

(Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify) to enrich mine inventory.
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—

[*Taking off a bracelet.*]

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!—
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip: Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what end?
Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late,
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where Philomel gave up—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night! that dawning
May bear the raven's eye: I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[*Clock strikes.*]

One, two, three:—Time, time!

[*Goes into the trunk: the scene closes.*]

S C E N E III.

Another Room in the Palace.

Enter Cloten and Lords.

1 *Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in
loss, the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble
temper of your lordship: You are most hot, and fu-
rious, when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage: If I
could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold
enough: It's almost morning, is't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

Clot. I would this music would come: I am advis'd to give her music o' mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on, tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

S O N G.

*Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin:
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone: If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[Exeunt Musicians.]

Enter Cymbeline and Queen.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the king.

Clot. I am glad, I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early: He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter? Will she not forth?

Clot. I have assail'd her with musics, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new; She hath not yet forgot him: some more time Must wear the print of his remembrance out, And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king:
 Who lets go by no vantages, that may
 Prefer you to his daughter: Frame yourself
 To orderly solicits: and be friended
 With aptness of the season: make denials
 Encrease your services: so seem, as if
 You were inspir'd to do those duties which
 You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
 Save when command to your dismissal tends,
 And therein you are senseless.

Clot. Senseless! not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
 The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
 Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
 But that's no fault of his: We must receive him
 According to the honour of his sender;
 And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
 We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
 When you have given good morning to your mistress,
 Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need
 To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our
 queen.

[*Exeunt.*

Clot. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
 Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho!—

[*Knocks.*

I know her women are about her: What
 If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
 Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
 Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
 Their deer to the stand o' the stealer: and 'tis gold
 Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
 Nay, sometimes, hangs both thief and true man: What
 Can it not do, and undo? I will make
 One of her women lawyer to me; for
 I yet not understand the case myself.
 By your leave.

[*Knocks*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?

Clot. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some, whose taylors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of: What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clot. Your lady's person: Is she ready?

Lady. Ay, to keep her chamber.

Clot. There's gold for you: sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The prince's——

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good-morrow, fairest sister: Your sweet hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, sir: You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.

Clot. That is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me; faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clot. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clot. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,
(To accuse myself) I hate you: which I had rather

You felt, than make 't my boast.

Clot. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court) it is no contract, none;
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in self figur'd knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown; and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Prophane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignify'd enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be stil'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clot. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever had but clip'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Where they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio?

Enter Pisanio.

Clot. His garment? Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently:—

Clot. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool;
Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm? it was the sister's: shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe, I do think,
I saw't this morning: confident I am,

Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kissed it:
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but him.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go and search. [Exit *Pisano*.]

Clot. You have abus'd me:—
His meanest garment?

Imo. Ay, I said so, sir:

If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.

Clot. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too.

She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [Exit.]

Clot. I'll be reveng'd;—

His meanest garment?—Well. [Exit.]

S C E N E IV.

Rome. An Apartment in Philario's House.

Enter Posthumus, and Philario.

Post. Fear it not, sir; I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold; her honour
Will remain hers.

Phil. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: In these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phil. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'er pays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do his commission thoroughly: And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be)
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed.

In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline
(Now mingled with their courages will make known
'To their approvers, they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Enter Iachimo.

Phil. See! Iachimo!

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
'To make your vessel nimble.

Phil. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Post. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet. —
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is 't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold:
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain? for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,

Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further; but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make it apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours: If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains or loses
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed chamber;
(Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
'The press of boats, or pride: A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on 't was——

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; out-went her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted: Her andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour!—
Let it be granted, you have seen all this, (and praise
Be given to your remembrance) the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can, [*Pulling out the bracelet.*]
Be pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—
And now 'tis up again: It must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, (I thank her) that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did out-sell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here take this
too; [*Gives the ring.*]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't:—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man:—The vows of women

Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing;—
O, above measure false!

Phil. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring agan; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her.

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by't:—Back my ring;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this: for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am sure,
She could not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable:—They induc'd to steal it!
And by a stranger?—No; he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this—she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phil. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk on't:
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast,
(Worthy the pressing) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: By my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic: never count the turns;
Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn,— —

Post. No swearing:—

If you will swear you have not done 't, you lye;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there, and do 't i' the court; before
Her father:—I'll do something—— [Exit.

Phil. Quite besides

The government of patience!—You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

Another Room in Philario's House.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The non-pareil of this.—Oh vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with
A prudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow;—O, all the devils!—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was 't not?—
Or less,—at first: Perchance he spoke not; but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cry'd, 'oh! and mounted: found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: Be 't lying, note it,

The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
 Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 Nice longings, flanders, mutability,
 All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
 Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather, all:
 For even to vice
 They are not constant, but are changing still
 One vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 Detest them, curse them:—Yet 'tis greater skill
 In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
 The very devils cannot plague them better, [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's Palace.

*Enter, in state, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords,
 at one door; and at another, Caius Lucius, and At-
 tendants.*

Cym. NOW say, what would Augustus Cæsar
 with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet
 Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues,
 Be theme, and hearing ever) was in this Britain,
 And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,
 (Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
 Than in his feats deserving it) for him,
 And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
 Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
 Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
 Shall be so ever.

Clot. There be many Cæsars,
 Ere such another Julius. Britain is
 A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
 For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to resume
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors; together with
The natural bravery of your isle; which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscalable, and roaring waters;
With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*; with shame
(The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,
(Poor ignorant baubles on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks: For joy whereof
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
(O, giglet fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing files bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid:
Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and,
as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of them
may have crook'd noses: but, to own such strait arms,
none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard
as Cassibelan: I do not say, I am one; but I have a
hand——Why tribute? why should we pay tribute?
If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or
put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute
for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Roman did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition,
(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world) against all colour, here
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be; we do. Say then to Cæsar,

Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
 Ordain'd our laws; whose use the sword of Cæsar
 Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and franchise,
 Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
 Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made
 our laws,

Who was the first of Britain, which did put
 His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
 Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline
 That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
 (Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
 Thyself domestic officers) thine enemy:
 Receive it from me then:—War, and confusion,
 In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
 For fury not to be resisted:—Thus defy'd,
 I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
 Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
 Much under him: of him I gather'd honour;
 Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
 Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect,
 That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
 Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent
 Which not to read, would shew the Britons cold;
 So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clot. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime
 with us a day, or two, or longer: If you seek us af-
 terwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-
 water-girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if
 you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the
 better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, fir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
 All the remain is, welcome. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II

Another Room. Enter Pisanio.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
 Vol. VII. A a

What monsters her accuse?—Leonatus!
 O master! what a strange infection
 Is fallen into thy ear? What false Italian
 (As poisonous tongu'd, as handed) hath prevail'd
 On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:
 She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
 More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
 As would take in some virtue.—O my master!
 Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
 Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?
 Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
 Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
 If it be so to do good service, never
 Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
 That I should seem to lack humanity,
 So much as this fact comes to?—Do't: The letter

[Reading.]

'That I have sent her, by her own command,
 Shall give thee opportunity:—O damn'd paper!
 Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble!
 Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st
 So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?
 O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
 That knew the stars, as I his characters;
 He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
 Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
 Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
 That we two are asunder, let that grieve him!
 (Some griefs are medicinal; that is one of them,
 For it doth physic love)—of his content,
 All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave: Blest be
 You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
 And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
 Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet

You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!

[Reading.]

'Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take
'me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as
'you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew
'me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cam-
'bria, at Milford-Haven: What your own love will,
'out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you
'all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and
'your, increasing in love,

'LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.'

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio,
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st—
O, let me 'bate,—but not like me: yet long'st—
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine's beyond, beyond,) say, and speak thick,
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense) how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
To inherit such haven: But, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
Till our return, to excuse:—but first, how get hence:
Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'T'wixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score, 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam's, enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go so slow; I have heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf:—But this is foolery:—
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She'll home to her father: and provide me, presently,

A riding suit: no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, your're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee;
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Changes to a Forest in Wales, with a Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roofs as low as ours! Stoop, boys: This gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens: and bows you
To morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbands on, without
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport: Up to yon hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place, which lessens, and sets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a babe;
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

Guid. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor, unfledg'd,
 Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor know not
 What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
 If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
 That have a sharper known; well corresponding
 With your stiffness: but, unto us, it is
 A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;
 A prison for a debtor, that not dares
 To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of,
 When we are as old as you? When we shall hear
 The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
 In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
 The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
 We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;
 Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
 Our valour is, to chace what flies; our cage
 We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
 And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
 Did you but know the city's usuries,
 And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
 As hard to leave, as keep: whose top to climb
 Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
 The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,
 A pain that only seems to seek out danger
 I' the name of fame, and honour; which dies i' the search;
 And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
 As record of fair act; nay, many times,
 Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
 Must curtsy at the censure:---O, boys, this story
 The world may read in me: My body's mark'd
 With Roman swords; and my report was once
 First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;
 And when a soldier was the theme, my name
 Was not far off: Then was I as a tree,
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but, in one night,
 A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
 Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves.

A a

And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans: so,
Follow'd my banishment; and, these twenty years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world:
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; pay'd
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.---But, up to the mountains;
This is not hunter's language: He, that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.

[*Exeunt Guid. and Arv.*]

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little, they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up
thus meanly

I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say,—*Thus mine enemy fell;*
And thus I set my foot on his neck; even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
(Once, Arviragus) in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rouz'd!—
O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
That I did unjustly banish me: whereon,

At three, and two years old, I stole these babes ;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou rest'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

Near Milford-Haven.

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse,
the place

Was near at hand:—Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now:---Pisanio! Man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: Put thyself
Into a 'haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If it be summer news,
Smile to 't before: If winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.---My husband's hand!
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-crafted him,
And he's at some hard point.---Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imogen reads.

*Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd the strumpet in my
bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak
not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my
grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part,
thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted
with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away*

her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: Where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander; Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue Out-venoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath Rides on the posting winds, and doth belye All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states, Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it, to be false? To lie in watch there, and to think on him? To weep 'twixt clock and clock? If sleep charge nature, To break it with a fearful dream of him, And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed? Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo, Thou didst accuse him of incontinency; Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks, Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy, Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him: Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion; And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls, I must be ript:—to pieces with me!—O, Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming, By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought Put on for villainy; not born, where't grows, But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas, Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's weeping Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity From most true wretchedness: So, thou, Posthumus, Wilt lay the leaves on all proper men; Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjur'd, From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest: Do thou thy master's bidding: When thou see'st him,

A little witness my obedience: Look!
 I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
 The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
 Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
 Thy master is not there; who, was indeed,
 The riches of it: Do his bidding, strike.
 Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
 But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence vile instrument!
 Thou shalt not damn mine hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
 And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
 No servant of thy master's: Against self-slaughter
 There is a prohibition so divine,
 That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart;—
 Something's afore't:—Soft, soft; we'll no defence;
 Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?
 The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
 All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
 Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
 Be stomachers to my heart! 'Thus may poor fools
 Believe false teachers: Though those that are betray'd
 Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
 Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, Posthumus, that diddest set up
 My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
 And mad'st me put into contempt the suits
 Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
 It is no act of common passage, but
 A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
 To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
 That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
 Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, dispatch:
 The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's thy knife?
 Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
 When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady!
 Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
 I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then

Did'st undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent, whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment: in the which
I have considered of a course; Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like;
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my master is abus'd:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so. You shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father; not no more ado

With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing;
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? Is the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest: Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is; and but disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger; you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view; yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means:
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well, then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear, and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self) into a waggish courage:
Ready in gybes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weazel: nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it, (but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
(’Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: Would you in their serving
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, ’fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy, (which you’ll make him
know,

If that his head have ear in music) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you; for he’s honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad,
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor suppyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr’ythee, away:
There’s more to be consider’d; but we’ll even
All that good time will give us: This attempt
I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince’s courage. Away, I pr’ythee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell;
Lest, being miss’d, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen;
What’s in ’t is precious: if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm’d at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood:—May the gods
Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen: I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

The Palace of Cymbeline.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote: I must from hence;

And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, fir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To shew less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unking-like.

Luc. So, fir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit:—
So farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly: but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner: Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!

[*Exeunt Lucius, &c.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us,
That we have given him cause.—

Clot. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it should be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: She looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty;
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for
We have been too light in sufferance. [*Exit a Servant.*]

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been! the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter the Servant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? how
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Ser. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which I fear,
Prove false. [Exit.]

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clot. That man of hers, Pisanio her old servant,
I have not seen these two days. [Exit.]

Queen. Go, look after.—
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her:
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus: Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour and my end
Can make good use of either: She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my son?

Clot. 'Tis certain, she is fled:

Go in, and cheer the king; he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better: May
This night forestal him of the coming day!

[*Exit Queen.*]

Clot. I love, and hate her: for she's fair and royal;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all: I love her therefore; But,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
'That what's else rare, is choak'd; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

Enter Pisanio.

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing, firrah?
Come hither: Ah, you precious pandar! Villain
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clot. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? when was she mis'd?
He is in Rome.

Clot. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home,
What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord?

Clot. All-worthy villain!

Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word,—No more of worthy lord,—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation, and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,

Queen. Royal sir,
 Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
 Hath her life been! the cure whereof, my lord,
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Clot. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
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What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord?

Clot. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word,—No more of worthy lord,—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation, and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,

This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clot. Let's see't:—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish.
She's far enough, and what he learns by this } [*Aside.*
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clot. Humh!

Pis. I'll write to my lord, she's dead. O, Imogen,
[*Aside.*

Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!

Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.---Sirrah, if
thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service;
undergo those employments, wherein I should have
cause to use thee, with a serious industry,---that is,
what villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it,
directly and truly,---I would think thee an honest man.
thou should'st neither want my means for thy relief,
nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clot. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and
constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that
beggar Posthumus, thou can'st not in the course of
gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou
serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any
of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same
suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and
mistress.

Clot. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit
hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Clot. Meet thee at Milford-Haven:—I forgot to
ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:—Even
there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would
these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the

bitterness of it I now belch from my heart) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: First kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—and when my lust hath din'd, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so prais'd) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despis'd me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter Pisanio, with the clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clot. How long is't since she went to Milford Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clot. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. [*Exit.*]

Pis. Thou bid'st me to my loss: for, true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true.—To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow, You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed! [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VI.

The Forest, and Cave.

Enter Imogen, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one: I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick, But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,

When from the mountain top Pisanio shew'd thee,
 Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think,
 Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean,
 Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
 I could not miss my way: Will poor folk lie,
 That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
 A punishment, or trial? Yes: no wonder,
 When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in fulness
 Is sorer, than to lie for need; and falsehood
 Is worse in kings, than beggars.---My dear lord!
 Thou art one of the false ones: Now I think on thee,
 My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
 At point to sink for food.---But what is this?
 Here is a path to it: 'Tis some savage hold:
 I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
 Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
 Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever
 Of hardness is mother.---Ho! who's here?
 If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
 Take, or lend.---Ho!---No answer? then I'll enter.
 Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
 Such a foe, good heavens! [*She goes into the cave.*]

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman, and
 Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I
 Will play the cook, and servant; 'tis our match:
 The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
 But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
 Will make what's homely, savoury; Weariness
 Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
 Finds the down pillow hard.---Now, peace be here,
 Poor house, that keeps thyself!

Guid. I am thoroughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Guid. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll brouze
 on that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay; come not in:---

[*Looking in.*]

But that it eats our victuals, I should think

Here were a fairy.

Guid. What's the matter, fir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!---Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good
troth,
I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd o'er the floor. Here's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Guid. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you are angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have dy'd, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name!

Imo. Fidele, fir: I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.---
Boys, bid him welcome.

Guid. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom.---In honesty
I bid for you, as I'd buy.

Arv. I'll mak't my comfort,
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:—

And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours:—Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends!

If brothers?—'Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus. } *Aside.*

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Guid. 'Would, I could free't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,

What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys:

[*Whispering.*]

Imo. Great men,

That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them (laying by
That nothing gift of differing multitudes),
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus false—

Bel. It shall be so:

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in!
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have sup'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Guid. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark,
less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Rome. Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the tenor of the emperor's writ;
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen-off Britons; that we do incite

The gentry to this business: He creates
Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

2 Sen. Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1 Sen. With those legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be suppliant: The words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Forest near the Cave.

Enter Cloten.

I AM near to the place where they should meet, if
Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his gar-
ments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was
made by him that made the taylor, not be fit too? the
rather (saving reverence of the word) for, 'tis said, a
woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play
the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is
not vain-glory, for a man and his glass to confer; in
his own chamber, I mean) the lines of my body are
as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not
beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage
of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in
general services, and more remarkable in single op-
positions: yet this imperseverant thing loves him in
my despight. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy
head, which is now growing upon thy shoulders, shall
within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy
garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this

done, spurn her home to her father; who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is ty'd up safe: Out, sword, and to a fore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

The Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen.

Bel. You are not well: remain here in the cave; We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here; [To Imogen.
Are we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike: I am very sick.

Guid. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not; yet I am not well:
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick: So please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me: Society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:-
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Guid. I love thee; I have spoke it:
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why,
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason: the bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. O noble strain!

O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
 Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
 Nature hath meal, and bran; contempt, and grace,
 I am not their father; yet who this should be,
 Doth miracle itself! lov'd before me.
 'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish you sport.

Arv. You health.—So please you, sir.

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods,
 what lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court:
 Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!
 The imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,
 Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
 I am sick still; heart-sick:—Pisanio,
 I'll now taste of thy drug.

Guid. I could not stir him;

He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate;
 Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter
 I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field:—

We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,

For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well, or ill,

I am bound to you.

[*Exit Imogen.*]

Bel. And shalt be ever.—

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath had
 Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Guid. But his neat cookery!

He cut our roots in characters;
 And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
 And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes

A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh

Was that it was, for not being such a smile ;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Guid. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arw. Grow, patience !
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine !

Bel. It is great morning. Come ; away.—Who's
there ?

Enter Cloten.

Clot. I cannot find those runagates ; that villain
Hath mock'd me :—I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates !
Means he not us ?—I partly know him ; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he :—We are held as outlaws :—Hence.

Guid. He is but one : You and my brother search
What companies are near : pray you, away ;
Let me alone with him.

[Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.]

Clot. Soft ! What are you
That fly me thus ? some villain mountaineers ?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou ?

Guid. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock.

Clot. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain : Yield thee, thief.

Guid. To who ? to thee ? What art thou ? Have
not I

An arm as big as thine ? a heart as big ?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger ? for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art ;
Why I should yield to thee ?

Clot. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes ?

Guid. No, nor thy taylor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clot. Thou precious varlet,
My taylor made them not.

Guid. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee, Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.

Clot. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Guid. What's thy name?

Clot. Cloten, thou villain.

Guid. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clot. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to the queen.

Guid. I am sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clot. Art not afeard?

Guid. Those that I reverence, those I fear, the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clot. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Fight, and exeunt,*

Enter Belarius, and Arviragus.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world: You did mistake him,
sure,

Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute,
'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors: For the effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear.—But see, thy brother.

Re-enter Guiderius, with Cloten's head.

Guid. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,
There was no money in't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Guid. I am perfect, what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report:
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where thank the gods, they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But, that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: Then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us?
Play judge, and executioner, all himself?
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Though his honour
Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are out-laws, and in time
May make some stronger head; the which he hearing,
(As it is like him) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear;
If we do fear this body hath a tail.

More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance

Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind

To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Guid. With his own sword,

Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw it into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,

And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reckon. [Exit.]

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:

'Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done't! though
valour

Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would I had done't,

So the revenge alone pursu'd me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much,

Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would, revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us
through,

And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:---

We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pry thee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!

I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Cloten's blood,
And praise myself for charity. [Exit.]

Bel. O thou goddess,

Thou divine nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchas'd, as the rudest wind,

That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
 And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
 That an invisible instinct should frame them
 To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
 Civility not seen from other; valour,
 That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
 As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange,
 What Cloten's being here to us portends;
 Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius.

Guid. Where's my brother?
 I have sent Cloten's clot-pole down the stream,
 In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
 For his return. [Solemn music.]

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
 Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
 Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Guid. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Guid. What does he mean? since death of my dearest
 mother
 It did not speak before. All solemn things
 Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
 Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
 Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
 Is Cadwall mad?

*Re-enter Arviragus, with Imogen as dead, bearing her
 in his arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
 And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
 Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is dead,
 That we have made so much on. I had rather
 Have skip'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
 And turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
 Than have seen this.

Guid. Oh sweetest, fairest lily!
 My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
 As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O, melancholy!

Who ever yet could sound thy bottom! find
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made; but I,
Thou dy'dst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see;

Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Guid. Where?

Arv. O' the floor;

His arms thus leagu'd: I thought, he slept; and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Guid. Why, he but sleeps:

If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower; that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweetened not thy breath: the ruddock would,
With charitable bill (O bill, fore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.

Guid. Pr'ythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt---To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Guid. By good Euriphele, our mother.

Arv. Be't so;

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices

Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphele must be Fidele.

Guid. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee:
For notes of sorrow, out of tune are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that: Though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust; yet reverence
(That angel of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Guid. Pray, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst.---Brother, begin.

[*Exit Belarius.*]

Guid. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the
east:
My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Guid. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So.—Begin.

S O N G.

Guid. Fear no more the beat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Both golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frowns o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to el-ath, and eat;

*To thee the reed is as the oak :
The scepter, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.*

Guid. Fear no more the lightning flash,
Arv. Nor the all dreaded thunder-stone ;

Guid. Fear not slander, censure rash ;
Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :

Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Guid. No exorciser harm thee !
Arv. Nor no witch-craft charm thee !

Guid. Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
Arv. Nothing ill come near thee !

Both. Quiet consummation have ;
And renowned be thy grave !

Re-enter Belarius, with the body of Cloten.

Guid. We have done our obsequies: Come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers; but about midnight more.
The herbs, that have on them cold dew o' the night,
Are strewings fitt'ft for graves.-- Upon their faces:—
You were as flowers, now wither'd; even so
'These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—
Come on, away! apart upon our knees.

The ground, that gave them first, has them again:
Their pleasure here is past, so is their pain. [*Exeunt.*

Imogen, awaking.

Imo. Yes, fir, to Milford-Haven; which is the way?—

I thank you.—By yon bush?—Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins!—can it be six miles yet?—

I have gone all night:—Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddesses!

[*Seeing the body.*

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream;
For, so, I thought I was a cave keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: But 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,

Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes
 Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
 I tremble still with fear: But if there be
 Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
 As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
 The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
 Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
 A headless man!---The garments of Posthumus!
 I know the shape of his leg; this is his hand;
 His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
 The brawns of Hercules: but his jovial face---
 Murder in heaven?---How?---'Tis gone.---Pisanio,
 All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
 Conspir'd with that irregularous devil, Cloten,
 Hast here cut off my lord---To write, and read,
 Be henceforth treacherous!---Damn'd Pisanio
 Hath with his forged letters,---damn'd Pisanio---
 From this most bravest vessel of the world
 Struck the main-top!---O, Posthumus! alas,
 Where is thy head? where's that? Ay, me! where's
 that?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left thy head on.---How should this be? Pisanio?
 'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
 Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
 The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it home:
 This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horridier may seem to those
 Which chance to find us: O, my lord! my lord!

Enter Lucius, Captains, &c. and a Soothsayer.

Capt. To them, the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
 After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
 You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:
 They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Capt. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,

And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service; and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Syenna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind:

Luc. This forwardness

Makes our hopes fair: Command, our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.---Now, fir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

South. Last night the very gods shew'd me a vision:
(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence: Thus:---
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sun-beams: which portends
(Unless my sins abuse my divination),
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,

And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building —How! a page!—
Or, dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for it seems
They crave to be demanded: Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow; or who was he,
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain:—Alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,

Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!

Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding: Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lye, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope [*Aside.*
They'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same.
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But, first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pick-axes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his
grave,

And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee, than master thee.—
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
Find out the prettiest daizy'd plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partizans
A grave: Come, arm him.—Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd,
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

Cym. Again; and bring me word, how 'tis with her,

A fever with the absence of her son;
 A madness, of which her life's in danger:—Heavens,
 How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
 The great part of my comfort, gone: my queen
 Upon a desperate bed; and in a time
 When fearful wars point at me: her son gone,
 So needful for this present: It strikes me, past
 The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
 Who needs must know of her departure, and
 Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
 By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
 I humbly set it at your will: But, for my mistress,
 I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
 Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your highness
 Hold me your loyal servant.

Lord. Good my liege,
 The day that she was missing, he was here:
 I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
 All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
 There wants no diligence in seeking him,
 And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome;
 We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy [*To Pis.*
 Does yet depend.

Lord. So please your majesty,
 The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
 Are landed on your coast; with a supply
 Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son, and queen!—
 I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my liege,
 Your preparation can affront no less
 Than what you hear of; come more, for more you're
 ready:

The want is, but to put these powers in motion,
 That long to move.

Cym. I thank you: Let's withdraw:
 And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
 What can from Italy annoy us; but

We grieve at chances here.—Away.

[*Exeunt.*

Pis. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain: 'Tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings: Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work;
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Before the Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Guid. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Guid. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us: or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains: there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, nor muster'd
Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from us that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Guid. This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes

And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to the still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Guid. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'er-grown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arw. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel? I am agham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest means, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Guid. By heavens, I'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans!

Arw. So say I; Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys:
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:

Lead, lead—The time seems long; their blood thinks
 scorn, [Aside.
 Till it fly out, and shew them princes born. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Field, between the British and Roman Camps.

Enter Posthumus, with a bloody Handkerchief.

Post. **Y**EA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I
 wish'd
 Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
 If each of you would take this course, how many
 Must murder wives much better than themselves
 For wrying but a little!—O, Pisanio!
 Every good servant does not all commands;
 No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
 Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
 Had liv'd to put on this: so had you saved
 The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
 Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But alack,
 You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
 To have them fall no more: you some permit
 To second ills with ills, each elder worse;
 And make them dread it, to the doer's thrift.
 But Imogen is your own: Do your best wills,
 And make me blest to obey!—I am brought hither
 Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
 Against my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough
 That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
 I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
 Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me
 Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
 As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
 Against the part I come with; so I'll die
 For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
 Is, every breath, a death; and thus, unknown

Pity'd nor hated, to the face of peril
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me than my habits show.
 Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
 To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
 The fashion, less without, and more within. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman Army at one door;
 and the British Army at another; Leonatus Posthumus
 following it like a poor Soldier. They march over, and
 go out. Then enter again in skirmish Iachimo and Post-
 humus: he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and
 then leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness, and guilt, within my bosom
 Takes off my manhood: I have bely'd a lady,
 The princess of this country, and the air on't
 Revengingly enfeebles me: Or could this carle,
 A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me,
 In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
 As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
 If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
 This lout, as he exceeds our lords; the odds
 Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [Exit:
*The battle continues; the Britons fly; Cymbeline is taken:
 then enter to his rescue, Belarius, Guiderius, and Ar-
 viragus.*

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;
 The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
 The villainy of our fears.

Guid. Arv. Stand, stand! and fight!

*Enter Posthumus, and secõds the Britons. They rescue
 Cymbeline, and Exeunt.*

Then Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
 For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
 As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes
 Let's reinforce, or fly. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

*Another Part of the Field.**Enter Posthumus, and a British Lord.**Lord.* Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?*Post.* I did.

Though you, it seems, come from the sliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
 But that the heavens fought: The king himself
 Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
 And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
 Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
 Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
 More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
 Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
 With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
 To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;
 Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
 An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
 So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
 In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane,
 He, with two striplings (lads more like to run
 The country base, than to commit such slaughter;
 With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
 Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame),
 Made good the passage: cry'd to those that fled
 Our Britons barts die flying, not our men:
 To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand!
 Or we are Romans, and will give you that
 Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,
 But to look back and frown: stand, stand.—These three,
 Three thousand confident, in act as many,
 (For three performers are the file, when all
 The rest do nothing) with this word, stand, stand,
 Accommodated by the place, more charming
 With their own nobleness, (which could have turn'd

A distaff to a lance) gilded pale looks,
 Part, shame, part spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd coward
 But by example (O, a sin in war,
 Damn'd in the first beginners!)—'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
 A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,
 A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith, they fly
 Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
 The strides they victors made: And now our cowards,
 (Like fragments in hard voyages, became
 The life o' the need) having found the back-door open
 Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!
 Some, slain before; some dying; some, their friends
 O'erborne i' the former wave; ten, chac'd by one,
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
 Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown
 The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:

A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: You are made
 Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
 Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,
 And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:

*Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
 Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. Lack, to what end?

Who dare not stand his foe, I'll be his friend,
 For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
 I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
 You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewel; you are angry.

[*Exit.*

Post. Still going?—This is a lord: O noble misery!
 To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me!
 To-day, how many would have given their honours
 To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,
 And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd,
 Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
 Nor feel him, where he struck: Being an ugly monster,

'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find him:
For, being now a favourer to the Roman,
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be
Britons must take: For me, my ransom's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken:
'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave the affront with them.

2 *Cap.* So 'tis reported;
But none of them can be found,—Stand! Who's there?

Post. A Roman;
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him: A dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here: He brags his service
As if he were of note; bring him to the king.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Roman Captives. The Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler; after which, all go out.

S C E N E IV.

A Prison.

Enter Posthumus, and two Gaolers.

1 *Gaol.* You shall not now be stolen, you have locks
upon you;

So graze, as you find pasture.

2 *Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach.

[Exeunt Gaolers.]

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way.

I think, to liberty: Yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather
Grow so in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By the sure physician, death; who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience; thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks, and wrists: You good gods,
give me,

The penitent, instrument, to pick that bolt.
Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry †
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my all.
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake;
You rather mine, being yours: And so great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen:
I'll speak to thee in silence. *[He sleeps.]*

[He sleeps.

Solemn Music. Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with music before them. Then after other music, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, shew.

Thy spite on mortal flies:

With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,

That thy adulteries

Rates, and revenges.

Hath my poor boy done ought but well,
Whose face I never saw?

I dy'd, whilst in the womb he stay'd,
Attending Nature's law.

Whose father then (as men report
Thou orphan's father art)

Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;

That from me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,

A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,

That he deserved the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

1 Bro. When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he

That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be

In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown

From Leonati's seat, and cast
From her his dearest one;

Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,

To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needle's jealousy;

And to become the geck and scorn
O' the other's villainy?

2 Bro. Form this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,

That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain;

Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
With honour to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd :

Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd

The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise,

Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries :

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

2 *Bro.* Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunder-bolt. The ghosts fall on their knees.

Jupit. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush!—How dare you, ghosts,

Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?

Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest

Upon your never withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents oppress'd;

No care of yours it is: you know, 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross: to make my gift,

The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift;

His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in

Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,

And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein

Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
And so, away: no farther with your din

Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—

Mount, eagle, to my palace crySTALLINE. [*Ascends.*

Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath

Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle

Stoop'd, as to foot us; his ascension is

More sweet than our blest fields; his royal bird

Prunes the immortal wing, and cloyes his beak,

As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd

His radiant roof:—Away! and, to the blest

Let us with care perform his great behest. [*Vanish.*

Post. [*waking*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandfire,
and begot

A father to me: and thou hast created

A mother, and two brothers: But (O scorn!)

Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born.

And so I am awake.---Poor wretches, that depend

On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;

Wake, and find nothing.---But, alas, I swerve:

Many dream not to find, neither deserve,

And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,

That have this golden chance, and know not why.

What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare one!

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment

Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects

So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,

As good as promise,

[*Reads.*]

“When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown,

“without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of

“tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be

“lopt branches, which, being dead many years, shall

“after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and fresh'y

“grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain

“be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.”

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen

Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:

Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such

As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,

The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, fir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, fir; if you be ready
for that, you are well cook'd.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators,
the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, fir: But the com-
fort is, you shall be call'd to no more payments, fear
no more tavern bills; which are often the sadness of
parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint
for want of meat, depart reeling with too much
drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry
that you are paid too much; purse and brain both
empty: the brain the heavier, for being too light; the
purse too light, being drawn of heaviness; O! of this
contradiction you shall be now quit.---O, the charity
of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you
have no true debtor and creditor but it; of what's past,
is, and to come, the discharge:---Your neck, fir, is
pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, fir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-
ach: But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a
hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would
change places with his officer: for, look you, fir,
you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then; I have
not seen him so pictur'd: you must either be directed
by some that take upon them to know; or take upon
yourself that, which I am sure you do not know; or
jump the after-enquiry on your own peril: and how you
shall speed in your journey's end, I think, you'll ne-
ver return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes,
to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink,
and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness ! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Knock off his manacles ; bring your prisoner to the king.

Pos. Thou bring'st good news ; I am call'd to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hang'd then.

Pos. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler ; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Messenger.*]

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman : and there be some of them too, that die against their wills ; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good ; O, there were a desolation of gaolers, and gallowses ? I speak against my present profit ; but my wish hath a preferment in't. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E V.

Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisano, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my side, you, whom the gods have made

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stept before targe of proof, cannot be found :
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing ;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him ?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,

But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief I am
The heir of his reward ; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[*To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*
By whom, I grant, she lives : 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are : report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen :
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees :
Arise my knights o' the battle ; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius, and Ladies.
There's business in these faces :—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory ? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king !
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become ? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too—How ended she ?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life ;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you : These her women
Can trip me, if I err ; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you ; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you :
Married your royalty ; was wife to your place ;
Abhor'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this :
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is 't can read a woman?—Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and ling'ring,
By inches waste you: In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her shew: yes, and in time,
(When she had fitted you with her craft) to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown.
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The ills she hatch'd were not effected; so,
Despairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lad. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious,
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!
*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman prisoners; Posthumus
behind, and Imogen.*

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war; the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cold, have threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
 Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
 May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth,
 A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
 Augustus lives to think on't: And so much
 For my peculiar care. This one thing only
 I will entreat: My boy, a Briton born,
 Let him be ransom'd: never master had
 A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
 So tender over his occasions, true,
 So feat, so nurse-like: let his virtue join
 With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness
 Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm;
 Though he have serv'd a Roman; save him, sir,
 And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him:
 His favour is familiar to me:---Boy,
 Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace, and art
 Mine own. I know not why, wherefore, I say,
 Live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live:
 And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
 Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it;
 Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
 The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
 And yet I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no; alack,
 There's other work in hand; I see a thing
 Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
 Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
 He leaves me, scorns me: Briefly die their joys,
 That place them on the truth of girls and boys.---
 Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What would'st thou, boy?
 I love thee more and more; think more and more
 What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,
 Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman: no more kin to me,

Than I to your highness; who being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'ft him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, fir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, fir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: Walk with me; speak freely.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen walk aside.*]

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arv. One said another

Not more resembles: That sweet rosy lad,
Who dy'd, and was Fidele—What think you?

Guid. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not;
forbear;

Creatures may be alike; wer't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Guid. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let's see further.

Pif. It is my mistress; [Aside.

Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good or bad. [*Cym. and Imogen come forward.*]

Cym. Come, stand, thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, step you forth;
[To *Iachimo*.

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him? [Aside.

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that which
Torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel,
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may grieve
thee,

As it doth me) a nobler fir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will,
Than die e'er I hear more; strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O, 'would
Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,
Those which I heav'd to head) the good Posthumus
(What should I say? he was too good, to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Among the rarest of good ones) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak: for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye:—

Cym. I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly—This Posthumus,
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover) took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd (therein
He was as calm as virtue) he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags

Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold; Whereat, I wretch!
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By her's and mine adultery; he, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design: Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught,
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my 'vantage, excellent:
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd
That I return'd with similar proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
(O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
Methinks I see him now,—

Post. Ay, so thou dost, [Coming forward.
Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool, bad and
Egregious murderer, thief, anything
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison, or
Some upright justice!—Thou, king, stand on!—

For tortures ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorr'd things o' the earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter:—villain like, I lie;
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd, Posthumus Leonatus: and
Be villainy less than 'twas!—O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear——

Post. Shall's have a play of this? thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. [*Striking her, she falls.*]

Pis. O, gentlemen, help

Mine, and your mistress, O my lord Posthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now:—Help, help!—
Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady, the gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still!

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods!

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: If Pisanio
Have said she given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd

As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What is this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem; I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,
There was our error.—

Guid. This is sure Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again.

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, sir. [Kneeling.]

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame you not;
You had motive for it. [To Guiderius and Arviragus.]

Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I'm sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught; and, long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely: But her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak truth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death: By accident,

I had a feign'd letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.

Guid. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forefend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Guid. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Guid. A most uncivil one: The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like: for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, fir king:
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone;

[To the guard.

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

Arw. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three:

But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must
For my own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arw. Your danger's ours.

Guid. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then.—

By leave;—Thou had'st, great king, a subject, who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot;
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons?

Bel. I am too blunt, and faucy: Here's my knee;
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue?

Bel. So sure as you your father's, I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my near offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such and so they are) these twenty years
Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I
Could put into them; My breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,

Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world:—
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st and speak'st.
The service, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st: I lost my children;
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while.—
This gentleman whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lap'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he?
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more:—Blest may you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now?—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by 't.—O my gentle brothers,

Have we thus met? O never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Guid. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!

When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where! how liv'd you;
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,
Will serve our long interrogatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen:
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye,
On him; her brothers; me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy: the counter-change
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
Thou art my brother; So we'll hold thee ever.

[*To Belarius.*

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'er-joy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd—that I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again:
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee, [*Kneels.*
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe; but your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you: Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help us, sir.
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer: As I slept methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it: let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus,——

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Soothsayer reads.

“When as a lion's whelp shall to himself unknown,
“without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of
“tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be
“lopt branches, which, being dead many years, shall
“after revive, be joined to the old stock, and freshly
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“ grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain
 “ be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.”
 Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
 The fit and apt construction of thy name,
 Being Leo-natus, doth import so much;
 The piece of tender air thy virtuous daughter,

[To Cymbeline.

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*
 We term it *mulier*: which *mulier*, I divine,
 Is this most constant wife; [To Post.] who, even now
 Answering the letter of the oracle,
 Unknown to you, unfought, were clip'd about,
 With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
 Personates thee: and thy lopt branches point,
 Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,
 For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
 To the majestic cedar join'd; whose issue
 Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,

My peace we will begin:—And, Caius Lucius,
 Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
 And to the Roman empire, promising
 To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
 We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
 On whom heaven's justice (both on her, and her's)
 Hath lay'd most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
 The harmony of this peace. The vision
 Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
 Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
 Is full accomplished: For the Roman eagle,
 From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
 Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
 So vanish'd: which fore-shew'd, our princely eagle,
 The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
 His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
 Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods;

And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so thro' Lud's town march:
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there:—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

A SONG, sung by Guiderius and Arviragus over Fidele,
supposed to be dead.

By Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.

1

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
Soft maids and village binds shall bring
Each op'ning sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rise all the breathing spring.

2

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove:
But shepherd-lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

3

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

4

The red-breast oft' at ev'ning hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

5

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;

*Or midst the chase on ev'ry plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.*

6

*Each lonely scene shall thee restore ;
For thee the tear be duly shed :
Below'd, till life could charm no more ;
And mourn'd, till pity's self be dead.*

NOTE.

This play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expence of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names, and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation.

Johnson.

THE END.

KING LEAR.

Ff 2.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Lear, King of Britain.

King of France.

Duke of Burgundy.

Duke of Cornwall.

Duke of Albany.

Earl of Gloster.

Earl of Kent.

Edgar, Son to Gloster.

Edmund, Bastard Son to Gloster.

Curan, a Courtier.

Physician.

Fool.

Oswald, Steward to Goneril.

A Captain, employed by Edmund.

Gentleman, attendant on Cordelia.

A Herald.

Old Man, tenant to Gloster.

Servants to Cornwall.

<i>Goneril</i> ,	}	<i>Daughters to Lear.</i>
<i>Regan</i> ,		
<i>Cordelia</i> ,		

Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers,
Soldiers, and Attendants.

Scene, Britain.

KING LEAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

King Lear's Palace.

Enter Kent, Gloster, and Edmund.

Kent. I THOUGHT, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us : but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most ; for equalities are so weighed, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord ?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge : I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could : whereupon she grew round-womb'd ; and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault ?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who is yet no dearer in my account, though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for : yet was his mother fair ; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund ?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent. Remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again :—The king is coming.

[*Trumpets sound within.*]

Enter Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege. [*Exeunt Gloster and Edmund.*]

Lear. Mean time we shall express our darker purpose. The map there.—Know, that we have divided In three our kingdom : and 'tis our fast intent To shake all cares and business from our age ; Conferring them on younger strengths, while we Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,
(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state)

Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most ?
'That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge.—Goneril,
Our eldest born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I

Do love you more than words can wield the matter,
Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty ;
Beyond what can be valued rich or rare ;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour :
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.

A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable ;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia do ? Love, and be silent.

[*Aside.*

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers, and white-skirted meads,
We make thee lady : To thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall ? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find, she names my very deed of love ;
Only she comes too short : that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense possesses ;
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia !

[*Aside.*

And yet not so ; since I am sure, my love's
More pond'rous than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom ;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that confirm'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least ; to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interested ; what can you say, to draw
A third, more opulent than your sisters ? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing !

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing : speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth : I love your majesty
According to my bond : nor more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia ! mend your speech a
little,

Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good, my lord.

You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
 Return those duties back as are right fit,
 Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
 Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
 They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
 That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
 Half my love with him, half my care, and duty:
 Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
 To love my father all.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so.—Thy truth then be thy dower:
 For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
 The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
 By all the operations of the orbs,
 From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
 Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
 Propinquity and property of blood,
 And as a stranger to my heart and me
 Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
 Or he that makes his generation messes
 To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
 Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
 As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
 I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
 On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!—
[To Cordelia.]

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
 Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—Who stirs?
 Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,
 With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:
 Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
 I do invest you jointly with my power,
 Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
 That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly course,

With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only, we shall retain
The name, and all the addition to a king;
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [*Giving the Crown.*]

Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the
shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What would'st thou do, old man?
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's
bound,

When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness: answer my life, my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O vassal! miscreant!

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear.

Kent. Do; kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;

Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant;
On thine allegiance hear me!—
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
(Which we durst never yet,) and, with strain'd pride,
To come betwixt our sentence and our power,
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for provision
To shield thee from disasters of the world;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death: Away! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Why, fare thee well, king: since thus thou
wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,

[*To Cordelia.*

That justly think'st, and has most rightly said.—
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,

[*To Regan and Goneril.*

That good effects may spring from words of love.—
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
He'll shape his old course in a country new. [*Exit.*
Re-enter Gloster, with France, Burgundy, and attendants.

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address towards you, who with this king
Have rivall'd for our daughter; What, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy.
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands;

If aught within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Sir, will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for by the power that
I made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,
[To France.

I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed
Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange!
That she, who even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
The best, the dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore vouch'd affection
Fall into taint: which to believe of her,
Must be of faith, that reason without miracle
Should never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,
If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:
But even for want of that, for which I am richer:
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue

That I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me better.

France. Is it no more but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with regards, that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duteous of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing; I have sworn: I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry then you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, thou art most rich being
poor;

Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.

Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.——

Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:

Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.——

Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine; for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see

That face of her's again:—Therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benison,——

Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt Lear, Burgundy, &c.*]

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are:
And, like a sister, am most loth to call
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Use well our father:
To your professing bosoms I commit him:
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duties.

Gon. Let your study

Be, to content your lord; who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms: You have obedience scant'd,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides;
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt France and Cordelia.*]

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of what
most nearly appertains to us both. I think, our father
will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next
month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is! the ob-
servation we have made of it hath not been little! he
always lov'd our sister most; and with what poor
judgment he hath now cast her off, appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever
but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but
rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not
alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition,
but therewithal the unruly waywardness that infirm
and cholerick years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from
him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking
between France and him. Pray you, let us hit toge-
ther: If our father carry authority with such disposi-

tions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offends us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A Castle belonging to the Earl of Gloster.

Enter Edmund, with a Letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound: Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom; and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
When my dimensions are well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality,
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tir'd bed,
Go to the creating of a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween sleep and wake?—Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
As to the legitimate: Fine word,—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:—
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler
parted!

And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his power!
Confin'd to exhibition! All this done
Upon the gad! Edmund! How now? what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[*Putting up the letter.*]

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needed then that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? The quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.]

Edm. I beseech you sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your overlooking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glo. reads.] "This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, 'till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep 'till I wak'd him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, *Edgar*!"—*Hum—Conspiracy!*—"Sleep, 'till I wak'd him!—you should enjoy half his revenue!"—My son *Edgar*! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you! Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brothers?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but I hope, his heart

is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore founded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: But I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and father's declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter?—Abhorr'd villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish! villain! worse than brutish!—Go, firrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him: Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, 'till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer on this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.—

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom: I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourg'd by the sequent effects; love cools, friendship falls off

brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond crack'd 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: Machinations, hollow nefs, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves!—Find out this villain, Edmund: it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully:—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banish'd! his offence, honesty!—Strange! strange!

[Exit.

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars; as if we were villains, by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by sperical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforce'd obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major*; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut, I should have been that I am; had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

Enter Edgar.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy. My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi—

Edg. How now, brother Edmund! What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child

and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities, divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidencies, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Berthink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance, 'till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there's my key:—If you do stir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother!

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; go arm'd; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.—[*Exit Edgar.*
A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

The duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter Goneril, and Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night! he wrongs me; every hour He flashes into one gross crime or other, That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it: His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us On every trifle: When he returns from hunting, I will not speak with him: Say, I am sick: If you come slack of former services, You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[*Horns within.*]

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please, You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question: If he dislike it, let him to my sister, Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one, Not to be over-rul'd. Idle old man, That still would manage those authorities That he hath given away! Now, by my life, Old fools are babes again: and must be us'd With checks as flatteries when they are seen abus'd. Remember what I have said.

Stew. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you. What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so: I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall, That I may speak:—I'll write straight to my sister, To hold my very course:—Prepare for dinner. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

An open Place before the Palace.

Enter Kent, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow, That can my speech diffuse, my good intent May carry through itself to that full issue.

For which I raz'd my likeness---Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou can'st serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
(So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter Lear, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go get it ready.
How now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What would'st thou
with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve
him truly, that will put me in trust; to love him that
is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says
little; to fear judgment; to fight, when I cannot
choose; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as
the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject as he is for a
king thou art poor enough. What would'st thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom would'st thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No sir? but you have that in your countenance,
which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services can'st thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, make a
curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message
bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am
qualifi'd in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for
singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I
have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me, if I like thee
no worse after dinner: I will not part from thee yet.
—Dinner, ho, dinner: Where's my knave? my fool?

Go you, and call my fool hither:

Enter Steward.

You, you, firrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So please you, — [Exit.

Lear. What says the fellow there?—Call the clotpole back.—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.—How now? where's that mungrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me, when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into 't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him these two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, fir, the fool hath much pin'd away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

Re-enter Steward.

O, you sir, you sir, come you hither: Who am I, sir?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Stew. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech you, pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

[*Striking him.*]

Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither; you base foot ball player.

[*Tripping up his heels.*]

Lear. I thank thee fellow; thou serv'st me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away: If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away: go to: Have you wisdom? so.

[*Pushes the Steward out.*]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service.

[*Giving Kent money.*]

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too; --- Here's my coxcomb.

[*Gives Kent his cap.*]

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why fool?

Fool. Why, for taking one's part that is out of favour: Nay, an thou can'st not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: There, take my coxcomb: Why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb. --- How now, nuncle? 'Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself: There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel; he must be whipp'd out, when the lady brach may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech. [To Kent.]

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle: ---

Have more than thou showest,
 Speak less than thou knowest,
 Lend less than thou owest,
 Ride more than thou goest,
 Learn more than thou trowest,
 Set less than thou throwest;
 Leave thy drink and thy whore,
 And keep in a-door,
 And thou shalt have more
 Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then it is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer;
 you gave me nothing for't:—Can you make no use
 of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of
 nothing.

Fool. Py'thee, tell him, so much the 'rent of his
 land comes to; he will not believe a fool. [*To Kent.*]

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, be-
 tween a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. No, lad, teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counsel'd thee

To give away thy land,
 Come place him here by me,—

Or do thou for him stand:

The sweet and bitter fool

Will presently appear:

The one in motley here,

The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that
 thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'Faith, lords and great men will not let
 me; if I had a monopoly on't, they would have part
 on't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool
 to myself; they'll be snatching.—Give me an egg,
 nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

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Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt: Thou had'st little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

Fools ne'er had less grace in a year; [Singing.

For wise men are grown foppish;

And know not how their wits to wear,

Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou mad'st thy daughters thy mothers: for when thou gav'st them the rod, and putt'st down thine own breeches,

Then they for sudden joy did weep, [Singing.

And I for sorrow sung,

That such a king should play bo-peep,

And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipt.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipt for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipt for lying; and, sometimes, I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle: Here comes one of the parings.

Enter Goneril.

Lear. How now, daughter? what makes that frownlet on?

Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou had'st no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.---Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; [*To Goneril.*] so your face bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum.

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,

Weary of all, shall want some.--

That's a sheal'd peascod. [Pointing to Lear.

Gon. Not only, fir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep;
Which in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding:

Fool. For you trow, nuncle;

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,

That it had its head bit off by its young.

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, fir,

I would, you would make use of that good wisdom
Whereof I know you are fraught; and put away
These dispositions, which of late transform you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws
the horse?—Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me?—Why this is not Lear:
Does Lear walk thus? speak thus?—Where are his eyes?
Either his notion weakens, or his discernings
Are lethargy'd—Ha! waking?—'Tis not so---
Who is it that can tell me who I am?---Lear's shadow?
I would learn that; for by the marks
Of sov'reignty, of knowledge, and of reason,
I should be false persuaded I had daughters.---
Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. Come, fir,

This admiration is much o' the favour

Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
 To understand my purposes aright :
 As you are old and reverend, you should be wise :
 Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires ;
 Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd and bold,
 That this our court, infected with their manners,
 Shews like a riotous inn : epicurism and lust
 Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel,
 Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak
 For instant remedy : Be then desir'd
 By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
 A little to disquantity your train ;
 And the remainder, that shall still depend,
 To be such men as may besort your age,
 And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darknes and devils !——

Saddle my horses ; call my train together.——
 Degenerate bastard ! I'll not trouble thee ;
 Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people ; and your disorder'd rabble
 Make servants of their betters.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—O, fir, are you come ?
 Is it your will ? speak, fir.---Prepare my horses.---
[To Albany.]

Ingratitude ! thou marble-hearted fiend,
 More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a child,
 Than the sea-monster !

Alb. Pray, fir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite ! thou liest : [To Goneril.]
 My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
 That all particulars of duty know ;
 And in the most exact regard support
 The worships of their name.---O most small fault,
 How ugly didst thou in Cordelia shew !
 Which, like an engine, wrench'd by frame of nature
 From the fixt place, drew from my heart all love,
 And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear !
 Beat at this gate, and let thy folly in, [Striking his head.]
 And thy dear judgment out !—Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.

Hear, nature! hear; dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility;
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!—Away, away! [*Exit.*]

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter Lear.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers, at a clap!
Within a fortnight!

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee; life and death! I am ashamed
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:

[*To Goneril.*]

That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.---Blasts and fogs upon
thee!

The untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Beweepe this cause again. I'll pluck you out;
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be so:—Yet I have left a daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails

She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.

[*Exeunt Lear, Kent, and Attendants.*]

Gon. Do you mark that my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you.

Gon. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!
You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

[*To the Fool.*]

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take
the fool with thee.

A fox when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after.

[*Exit.*]

Gon. This man hath had good counsel :-----A hundred knights!

'Tis politic, and safe, to let him keep
At point, a hundred knights. Yes, that on every dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives at mercy.---Oswald, I say!

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far:

Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart:
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have shew'd the unfitness,---How now, Oswald?

[*Enter Steward.*]

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:
Inform her full of my particular fear:
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more. Get you gone;
And hasten your return. No, no, my lord,

[*Exit Steward.*]

This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more at task for want of wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then——

Alb. Well, well; the event.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

A Court-yard before the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters:
acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you
know than comes from her demand out of the letter: If
your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there before you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, 'till I have deliver'd
your letter.

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, wer't not
in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then I pr'ythee be merry; thy wit shall not
go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee
kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab is like
an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a
crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the
middle of one's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes on either side one's
nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong:——

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has
a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father! —Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight.

Fool. Yes, indeed! Thou would'st make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce!—Monster? ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou should'st not have been old before thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!—

Enter a Gentleman.

How now? are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure, Shall not be a maid long unless things be cut shorter.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Castle belonging to the Earl of Gloster.

Enter Edmund and Curan, meeting.

Edm. SAVE thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father; and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not: You have heard of the news abroad; I mean the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I; Pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then, in time. Fare you well, fir.

[*Exit.*]

Edm. The duke be here to night? The better! best! This weaves itself perforce into my business! My father hath set guard to take my brother; And I have one thing, of a queazy question, Which I must act:—Briefness, and fortune, work!—Brother, a word;—descend.—Brother, I say;

[*Enter Edgar.*]

My father watches:—O, fir, fly this place; Intelligence is given where you are hid; You have now the good advantage of the night:—Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall? He's coming hither, now, i' the night, i' the haste And Regan with him; Have you nothing said Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany? Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming,—Pardon me:—In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you: Draw: Seem to defend yourself: Now quit you well. Yield:—Come before my father;—Light, ho, here; Fly, brother;—Torches! torches!—So, farewell.---

[*Exit Edgar.*]

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion

[*Wounds his arm.*]

Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards Do more than this in sport.---Father! father! Stop, stop! No help?

[*Enter Gloster, and Servants with torches.*]

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out.

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand his auspicious mistress:---

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he
could——

Glo. Pursue him, ho!---Go after.---By no means,
what!

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him, the revenging gods

'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;

Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond

The child was bound to the father;---Sir, in fine,

Seeing how lothly opposite I stood

To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,

With his prepared sword, he charges home

My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:

But when he saw my best alarm'd spirits,

Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,

Or whether-gasted by the noise I made,

Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far:

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;

And found---Dispatch---The noble duke my master,

My worthy arch and patron comes to-night:

By his authority I will proclaim it,

That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,

Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;

He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,

And found him pight to do it, with curst speech

I threaten'd to discover him: He replied,

"Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,

"If I would stand against thee, would the reposal

"Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee

"Make thy words faith? No: what I should deny,

"(As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce

"My very character) I'd turn it all

"To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:

“ And thou must make a dullard of the world,
 “ If they not thought the profits of my death
 “ Were very pregnant and potential spurs
 “ To make thee seek it.” [Trumpets within.]

Glo. O strange, fasten'd villain!

Would he deny his letter, said he?—I never got him.
 Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes:
 All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not scape;
 The duke must grant me that; besides, his picture
 I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
 May have due note of him: and of my land,
 Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
 To make thee capable.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I came hither,
 (Which I can call but now) I have heard strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
 Which can pursue the offender. How does my lord?

Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
 He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

Glo. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
 That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, madam:
 It is too bad, too bad!—

Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill-affected;
 'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
 To have the expence and waste of his revenues.
 I have this present evening from my sister
 Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
 That, if they come to sojourn at my house,
 I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—

Edmund, I hear that you have shewn your father
 A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice; and receiv'd
 This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursu'd?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please---For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you---

Reg. Thus out of season; threading dark-ey'd night,
Occasion, noble Gloster, of some prize,
Wherein we must have use of your advice:---
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home; the several messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our businesses,
Which crave the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam:
Your graces are right welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Kent and Steward severally.

Stew. Good even to thee, friend: Art of this house?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' th' mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would
make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave; a whoreson, glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that would't be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mungrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me? Is it two days ago, since I tript up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for though it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a son o' the moonshine of you: Draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw.

[Drawing his sword.]

Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take vanity the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your thanks:—draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike.

[Beating him.]

Stew. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter Edmund, Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, and Servants.

Edm. How now? What's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please: come, I'll flesh you; come on, young-master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives;

He dies that strikes again: What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? Speak.

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Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirr'd your valour.
You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee;
A tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow:
A tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter, or a painter
could not have made him so ill, though they had been
but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd
At suit of his grey-beard,——

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!
My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this
unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a
jakes with him.---Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, firrah!
You beastly knave, you know no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain
'Too intricate t' unloose: sooth ev'ry passion
That in the nature of their lords rebels;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters;
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.---
A plague upon your epileptic visage!
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive you cackling home to Camelot.

Corn. What art thou mad old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out? say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's his
offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have seen better faces in my time
Than stand on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter, he!
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty filly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, or in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front,—

Corn. What mean'st thou by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discom-
mend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that
beguil'd you, in a plain accent, was a plain knave;
which, for my part, I will not be, though I should
win your displeasure to entreat me to it.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Stew. I never gave him any:
It pleas'd the king his master, very late,
'To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tript me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man, that
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks, ho!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,

We'll teach you——

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:

Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, shew too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks:—

As I have life and honour, there shall he sit 'till noon.

Regan. 'Till noon! 'till night, my lord; and all
night too.

Kent. Why madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Regan. Sir, being his knave, I will.

[*Stocks brought out.*]

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of:—Come, bring away the stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction
Is such, as basest and the meanest wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valu'd in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs—Put in his legs——

[*Kent is put in the stocks.*]

Come, my good lord; away.

[*Exeunt Regan, and Cornwall.*]

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's
pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not sir: I have watch'd, and tra-
vell'd hard;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels;

Give you good morrow!

Glo. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken. [Exit.]

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw!
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun!

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
[Looking up to the moon.]

That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter:—Nothing almost sees miracles,
But misery;—I know, 'tis from Cordelia;

[Reading the letter.]

Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscur'd course;—*and shall find time*
From this enormous state,——seeking to give
Losses their remedies;—All weary and o'er-watch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.

Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy
wheel! [He sleeps.]

S C E N E III.

A part of the Heath.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape,
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast; my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary:

And with this horrible object, from low farms,
 Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
 Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
 Inforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood; poor Tom!
 That's something yet;—Edgar I nothing am. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

Earl of Gloster's Castle.

Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart from home.

And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,

The night before there was no purpose in them
 Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. How! mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha: look! he wears cruel garters! Hor-
 ses are ty'd by the heads; dogs and bears by the neck;
 monkies by the loins, and men by the legs: when a
 man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden ne-
 ther-stocks.

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy place mistook
 To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,
 Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear ay.

Lear. They durst not do't:

'They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than murder
 To do upon respect such violent outrage:
 Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
 Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,

Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letter to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that shew'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stewed in his haste, half-breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress, salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spight of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,
(Being the very fellow which of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness)
Having more man than wit about me, I drew;
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries:
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly
that way.

Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;

But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.

Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours
from thy dear daughters, as thou can'st tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells toward my heart?
Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not; stay here. [Exit.]

Gent. Made you no more offence than what you
speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set in the stocks for that

question, thou hadst well deserv'd it.

Gent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring in the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,

And follows but for form,

Will pack, when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry: the fool will stay,

And let the wise man fly:

The knave turns fool, that runs away:

The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter Lear, with Gloster.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick, they are weary?

They have travell'd hard to night? Mere fetches;

The images of revolt and flying off!

Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,

You know the fiery quality of the duke;

How unremoveable and fixt he is

In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!

Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,

I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! dost thou understand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father

Would with his daughter speak ; command her service :
Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and blood !
Fiery? the fiery duke? Tell the hot duke, that—
No, but not yet :—may be he is not well :
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound ; we are not ourselves
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body : I'll forbear ;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man.—Death on my state ! wherefore

[*Looking on Kent.*

Should he sit here ? This act persuades me,
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth :
Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them,
Now, presently ; bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
'Till it cry, *Sleep to death.*

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart !—but down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the
eels, when she put them i' the paste alive ; she rapt 'em
o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd, ' Down,
wantons, down : ' 'Twas her brother, that in pure
kindness to his horse, butter'd his hay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, and Servants.

Lear. Good-morrow to you both.

Corn Hail to your grace ! [*Kent is set at liberty.*

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are ; I know what reason
I have to think so : if thou should'st not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulch'ring an adultress.—O, are you free ? [*To Kent*
Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught ; O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here,

[*Points to his heart.*

I can scarce speak to thee ; thou'lt not believe,
Of how deprav'd a quality—O Regan !

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope,
You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say? how is that?

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation; If, sir, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her.

Reg. O, sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine; you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than yourself: Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return;
Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?

Do you but mark how this becomes the house?

'Dear daughter, I confess that I am old:

'Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg, [*Kneeling.*

'That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:
Return you to my sister.

Lear. Never, Regan:

She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:—
All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall
On her ungrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn. Fie, sir, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride!

Reg. O the blest Gods!

So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.

Lear. No Regan, thou shalt never have my curse;
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give

Thee o'er to harshness ; her eyes are fierce, but thine
 Do comfort and not burn : 'Tis not in thee
 To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
 To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
 And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
 Against my coming in : thou better know'st
 The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
 Effects of courtesey, dues of gratitude ;
 Thy half o' the kingdom thou hath not forgot,
 Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose. [*Trumpets within.*]

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks ?

Corn. What trumpet's that ?

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know't, my sister's : this approves her letter,
 That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come ?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy borrow'd pride
 Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows :
 Out varlet, from my sight !

Corn. What means your grace ?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant ? Regan, I have good
 hope
 Thou didst not know on't.—Who comes here ? O heavens,

Enter Goneril.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
 Allow obedience, if yourself are old,
 Make it your cause ; send down, and take my part !
 Art not asham'd to look upon this beard ?— [*To Gon.*]
 O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand ?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir ? How have I of-
 fended ?

All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
 And dotage terms so.

Lear. O, fides, you are too tough !
 Will you yet hold—How come my man i' the stocks ?

Corn. I set him there, sir : but his own disorders
 Deserv'd much less advancement.

Lear. You ! did you ?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.

If, 'till the expiration of your month,
 You will return and sojourn with my sister,
 Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
 I am now from home, and out of that provision
 Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
 No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
 To wage against the enmity o' the air;
 To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
 Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her?
 Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
 Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
 To knee his throne, and squire-like, pension beg
 To keep base life afoot;—Return with her?
 Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
 To this detested groom. [*Looking on the steward.*]

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. Now I pry'thee, daughter, do not make me mad:
 I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
 We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—
 But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
 Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,
 Which I must needs call mine: thou art a bile,
 A plague-fore, an embossed carbuncle,
 In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
 Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
 I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
 Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
 Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure:
 I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
 I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so, sir;
 I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
 For your fit welcome: Give ear, sir, to my sister;
 For those that mingle reason with your passions,
 Must be content to think you old, and so—
 But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken now?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: What fifty followers?
 Is it not well? What should you need of more?

Yea, or so many? sith that both charge and danger
 Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
 Should many people under two commands,
 Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendants
 From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to
 slack you,
 We could controul them: If you will come to me,
 (For now I spy a danger) I intreat you
 To bring but five-and-twenty; to no more
 Will I give place, or notice.

Lear. I gave you all——

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
 But kept a reservation to be follow'd
 With such a number: What, must I come to you
 With five-and-twenty, Regan? said you so?

Reg. And speak it again, my lord; no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-fa-
 vour'd,

When others are more wicked; not being the worst,
 Stands in some rank of praise:—I'll go with thee;

[*To Goneril.*]

Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
 And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord;
 What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
 To follow in a house, where twice so many
 Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
 Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
 Allow not nature more than nature needs,
 Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;
 If only to go warm were gorgeous,
 Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
 Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true needs,
 You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!
 You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,

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As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
 If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
 Against their father, fool me not so much
 To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!
 O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
 Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,
 I will have such revenges on you both,
 That all the world shall,—I will do such things,—
 What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
 The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep:
 No, I'll not weep:—

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
 Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
 Or ere I'll weep:—O fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt Lear, Gloster, Kent, and Fool.*]

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

[*Storm and tempest heard.*]

Reg. This house is little; the old man and his people
 Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; he hath put himself from rest,
 And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
 But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
 Where is my lord of Gloster?

[*Re-enter Gloster.*]

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth:—he is return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds
 Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
 There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, fir, to wilful men,
 The injuries, that they themselves procure,
 Must be their school-masters: Shut up your doors;
 He is attended with a desperate train;
 And what they may incense him to, being apt

To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night;
My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm.

Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Heath.

*A Storm is heard, with thunder and lightning. Enter
Kent, and a Gentleman, meeting.*

Kent. WHO's there, besides foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most
unquietly.

Kent. I know you; Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element:
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease: tears his white hair;
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labours to outjest
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have (as who have not, that their great stars
Throne and set high?) servants, who seem no less;

Which are to France the spies and speculations
 Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
 Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes;
 Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
 Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
 Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings;—
 But, true it is, from France there comes a power
 Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
 Wise in our negligence, have secret fee
 In some of our best ports, and are at point
 To shew their open banner,—Now to you:
 If on my credit you dare build so far
 To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
 Some that will thank you, making just report
 Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
 The king hath cause to plain.
 I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
 And from some knowledge and assurance, offer
 This office to you.

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
 Than my out-wall, open this purse, and take
 What it contains: If you shall see Cordelia,
 (As fear not but you shall) shew her this ring;
 And she will tell you who your fellow is
 That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
 I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand: Have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
 That, when we have found the king, (in which your pain
 That way; I'll this,) he that first lights on him,
 Holla the other. [Exeunt severally.

S C E N E II.

Another Part of the Heath.

Storm still. Enter Lear, and Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage!
 blow!

You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout

'Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou all shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds; all germens spill at once,
That make ungrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy water in a dry house is better than the rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters blessing; here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full! Spit, fire! spout, rain! Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters: I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness, I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children, You owe me no subscription; why then let fall Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave, A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:— But yet I call you servile ministers, That have with two pernicious daughters join'd Your high-engender'd battles: 'gainst a head So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put's head in, has a good head-piece.

*The cod piece that will house;
Before the head has any:
The head and he shall louse;—
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make;
Shall of a corn cry, woe!
And turn his sleep to wake.*

—For there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience, I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece; that's a wife man and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love night,
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: Since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipt of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue
That art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man,
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel:
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest;
Repose you there: while I to this hard house
(More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in) return, and force
Their scant'd courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—
Come on, my boy: How dost, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your
hovel.—

Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. *He that has a little tiny wit,—*

*With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain—
Must make content with his fortunes fit;
For the rain it raineth every day.*

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel. [Exit.]

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:
When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches suitors:
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.—
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When flanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cut-purses come not to throngs;
When usurer's tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds, and whores, do churches build;
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion.
This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before
his time. [Exit.]

S C E N E III.

An Apartment in Gloster's Castle.

Enter Gloster, and Edmund.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing: When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charg'd me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing: there is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous to be spoken.—I have lock'd the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed: we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for

it, as no less is threaten'd me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange think toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [Exit.

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke instantly know; and of that letter too:---
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all:
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

A part of the Heath, with a Hovel.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [Storm still.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own: Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious
storm

Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's
free,

The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home:—
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave you all,—
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that,——

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease;

'This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in :—
In, boy ;—go first.—[*To the Fool.*] You houseless
poverty,——

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—

[*Fool goes in.*]

Poor naked wretches, wherefoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp ;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel :
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And shew the heavens more just.

Edg. [*within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half!
Poor Tom!

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.
Help me, help me! [*The fool runs out from the bovel.*]

Kent. Give me thy hand——Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's Poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the
straw?

Come forth.

Enter Edgar, disguis'd as a madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!——
Thro' the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—
Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?
And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom
the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame,
through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire ;
that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in
his pew ; set ratsbane by his porridge ; made him proud
of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse over four-
inch'd bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor :
—Bless thy five wits ! Tom's a cold.---O, do de, do
de, do, de.-- Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting,
and taking ! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the
foul fiend vexes :——There could I have him now,---

and there,---and there, and there again, and there.

[*Storm still.*

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?—

Could'st thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserv'd a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—

It is the fashion that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?

Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock-hill;—

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array: Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curl'd my hair, wore gloves in my cap, serv'd the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her: swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one that slept in the contriving of lust, and wak'd to do it: Wine lov'd I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramour'd the Turk: False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: Says suum, mun, ha no nonny.,

dolphin my boy, boy, Sessy; let him trot by. [*Storm still.*]

Lear. Why thou were better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies.---Is man no more than this? Consider him well: thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:---Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated!---Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.---Off, off, you lendings:---Come; unbutton here.--- [*Tearing off his cloths.*]

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a wild field, were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, and all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend *Flibbertigibbet*: he begins a curfew, and walks 'till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the world;

He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;

Bid her alight,

And her troth plight,

And, Aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee!

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter Gloster, with a torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water-newt; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung forallets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipt from tything to tything, and stock'd, punish'd, and imprison'd; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

But mice, and rats, and such small deer,

Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower :—Peace, Smolkin; peace, thou fiend !

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company ?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman;
Moth he's call'd, and Mahu.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you;
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher:—
What is the cause of thunder ?

Kent. My good lord, take his offer;
Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban:
What is your study ?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord,
His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him ? [Storm still.]
His daughters seek his death :—Ah, that good Kent !
He said it would be thus :—Poor banish'd man !—
Thou say'st, the king grows mad ; I'll tell thee friend,
I am almost mad myself: I had a son,
Now out-law'd from my blood ; he sought my life,
But lately, very late ; I lov'd him, friend,—
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,
The grief hath craz'd my wits, What a night's this !
I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy, sir:—
Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, to the hovel: keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him;
I will keep still with my philosopher.
Kent. Good my lord, sooth him; let him take the fellow,

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words; hush.

Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came,

His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,

I smell the blood of a British man. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

Gloster's Castle.

Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart this house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censur'd, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprobable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter which he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True, or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [Aside] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be fore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

*A Chamber in a Farm House.**Enter Gloucester, Lear, Kent, Fool, and Edgar.*

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you. *Exit.*

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience.—The gods reward your kindness!

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to a son: for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red-burning spits Come hizzing in upon them:—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight: Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;—*[To Edgar.]* Thou, sapient sir, sit here. *[To the fool.]*—Now, you the foxes!—

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!—

Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?

“Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me:—

Fool. “Her boat hath a leak,

“And she must not speak

“Why she dares not come over to thee.”

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd: Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first:—Bring in the evidence.

Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;—*[To Edgar.*
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity. *[To the fool.*

Bench by his side:—You are of the commission.
Sit you too. *[To Kent.*

Edg. Let us deal justly.

“Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?”

“Thy sheep be in the corn;

“And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,

“Thy sheep shall take no harm.”

Purrr! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take
my oath before this honourable assembly, she kick'd
the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress; Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warped looks proclaim
What store her heart is made on.—Stop her there!

Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!

False justice, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting. *[Aside.*

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them:—

Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,

Tooth that poisons if it bite;

Mastiff, grey-hound, mungril grim,

Hound, or spaniel, brache, or lym;

Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail;

Tom will make him weep and wail:

For, with throwing thus my head,

Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled,

Do de, de de. Sessy, come, march to wakes and fairs,

And market towns:—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, see what

breeds about her heart: Is there any cause in nature, that makes these hard hearts?—You, sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garment: you will say, they are Persian attire; but let them be chang'd. *[To Edgar.]*

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest a while.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains. So, so, so: We'll go to supper i' the morning: So, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter Gloucester.

Glo. Come hither, friend: Where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms; I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him.

There is a litter ready; lay him in't

And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master;

If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life,

With thine, and all that offer to defend him,

Stand in assured loss: Take up, take up;

And follow me, that will to some provision

Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppressed nature sleeps:—

This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses;

Which, if convenience will not allow,

Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master;

Thou must not stay behind.

[To the Fool.]

Glo. Come, come, away.

[Exeunt, bearing off the king.]

Manet Edgar.

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.

Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind;

Leaving free things, and happy shews, behind;

But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erstep,

When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.

How light and portable my pain seems now,

When that, which makes me bend, makes the king bow;

He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away:

Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray,
 When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
 In thy just proof, repeals and reconciles thee.
 What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king!
 Lurk, Lurk.— [Exit.

S C E N E VI.

Gloster's Castle.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Goneril, Edmund, and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; shew him this letter:—the army of France is landed:—Seek out the traitor Gloster. [Exit servants.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, when you are going, to a most festinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister;—farewell, my lord of Gloster.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence: Some five or six and thirty of his knights, Hot questrists after him, met him at gate; Who, with some other of the lord's dependants, Are gone with him towards Dover; where they boast To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewel, sweet lord, and sister.

[Exit Goneril, and Edmund.

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor Gloster,

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:—
 Though well we may not pass upon his life
 Without the form of justice, yet our power
 Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
 May blame, but not controul. Who's there? The traitor?

Enter Gloster, brought in by servants.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your graces?—Good my friends, consider

You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [*They bind him.*]

Reg. Hard, hard:—O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

Corn. To this chair bind him:—Villain, thou shalt find— [*Regan plucks his beard.*]

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady,

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your host;
With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king.
Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Wast thou not charg'd at peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that.

Glo. I'm ty'd to the stake, and I must stand the course:

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails

Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor old heart,
He holp the heavens to rain.

If wolves had had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
'Thou should'st have said, *Good porter, turn the key;*
All cruels else subscrib'd:---But I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See it shalt thou never.---Fellows, hold the chair.
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

*[Gloster is held down, while Cornwall treads out
one of his eyes.]*

Glo. He, that will think to live 'till he be old,
Give me some help:---O cruel! O ye gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,---

Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel: What do you mean?

Corn. My villain? *[Draws, and runs at him.]*

Serv. Nay, then, come on, and take the chance of
anger. *[Fight; Cornwall is wounded.]*

Reg. *[To another servant.]* Give me thy sword.---
A peasant stand up thus!

[Comes behind, and kills him.]

Serv. O, I am slain!--My lord, yet you have one
eye left

To see some mischief on him:---O! *[Dies.]*

Corn. Left it see more, prevent it:---Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now? *[Treads the other out.]*

Glo. All dark and comfortless.--Where's my son
Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he

That made the overture of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies!

Then Edgar was abus'd.---

Kind gods forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.---How is't, my lord? How look you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt:---Follow me, lady,---
Turn out that eyeless villain;---Throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.---Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt: Give me your arm.

[*Exit Cornwall, led by Regan;---Servants lead*

Gloster out.

1st Serv. I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.

2d Serv. If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

1st Serv. Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would; his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.

2d Serv. Go thou; I'll fetch some flax, and whites
of eggs,
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him!

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An open Country. Enter Edgar.

Edg. **Y**ET better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be
worst,

The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!

The wretch, that thou hast blown into the worst;
Owes nothing to thy blasts.---But who comes here?

Enter Gloster, led by an old man.

My father, poorly led?---World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your tenant,
and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw: Full oft 'tis seen,
Our mean secures us: and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.---O, dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say, I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now? Who's there?

Edg. [*Aside.*] O gods! Who is 't can say, *I am at the worst?*

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aside.* And worse I may be yet: The worst is
not,

So long as we can say, *This is the worst.*

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman, and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.

I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man a worm: My son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was scarce then friends with him: I have heard more
since:

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. How should this be?---

Bad is the trade, that must play the fool to sorrow,

Ang'ring itself and others. [*Aside.*]—Bless thee, master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone: If, for my sake, Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain, I' the way to Dover, do it for ancient love; And bring some covering for this naked soul, Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he is mad.

Glo. 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead the blind:

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best apparel that I have,
Come on't what will. [*Exit.*]

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.---I cannot dub it further. [*Aside.*]

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And yet I must.

—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scar'd out of his good wits: Bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididance*, prince of dumbness; *Mahu*, of stealing; *Modu*, of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing; who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting women. So, bless thee, master!

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's
plagues

Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier:---Heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough,---Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor Tom shall lead thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter Goneril, and Edmund.

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel; our mild husband
Not met us on the way:---Now, where's your master?

Enter Steward.

Stew. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd;
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smil'd at it: I told him you were coming;
His answer was, *The worse*: of Gloster's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out:---
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further. [To Edmund.]
It is the coward's terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer: Our wishes on the way,
May prove effects. Back, Edmund to my brother;
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers;
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;

[*Giving a favour.*]

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air;—
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloster! [Exit Edmund.
 O, the difference of man and man!
 To thee a woman's services are due;
 My fool usurps my body.

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord.

Enter Albany.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
 Blows in your face.---I fear your disposition:
 That nature, which contemns its origin,
 Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
 She that herself will sliver and disbranch
 From her maternal sap, perforce must wither,
 And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:
 Filths favour but themselves. What have you done?
 Tygers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
 A father, and a gracious aged man,
 Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
 Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madded.
 Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
 A man, a prince, by him so benefited?
 If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
 Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
 'Twill come, humanity must perforce prey on
 Itself, like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
 Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
 Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st,
 Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
 Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?
 France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
 With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
 Whilst thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and cry'st.

Alack! why does he so?

Alb. See thyself, devil!

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend

So horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame,
Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones:---Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!

Enter Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mes. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's dead;
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes!

Mes. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead:
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shews you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!—But O poor Gloster!
Lost he his other eye?

Mes. Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside*] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: Another way,
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer. [*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his eyes?

Mes. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mes. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mes. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against him;
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment

Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live

To thank thee for the love thou shew'd'st the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.---Come hither, friend;
Tell me what more thou know'st. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

The French camp, near Dover.

Enter Kent, and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly gone back
Know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state,
Which since his coming forth is thought of; which
Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,
That his personal return was most requir'd and necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The mareschal of France, Monsieur le Fer.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen
To any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better day. Those happy smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropt. In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. Yes; once, or twice, 'the heav'd the name of
'father'

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cry'd, 'Sisters! sisters!--Shame of ladies! sisters!
'Kent! father! sisters! What! i' the storm! i' the
night!

Let pity not be believ'd !'---There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd her: then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir; the poor distressed Lear is i' the town:
Who sometimes, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own
unkindness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor Gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard
not?

Gent. 'Tis so; they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

A Tent in the Camp at Dover.

Enter Cordelia, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,

With barlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
 Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
 In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;
 Search every acre in the high-grown field,
 And bring him to our eye.—What can man's wisdom do,
 In the restoring his bereaved sense?
 He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam:
 Our foster nurse of nature is repose,
 The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
 Are many simples operative, whose power
 Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All blest secrets,
 All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
 Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
 In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him;
 Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
 That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News, madam;
 The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
 In expectation of them.—O dear father,
 It is thy business that I go about;
 Therefore great France
 My mourning, and important tears, hath pitied.
 No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
 But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
 Soon may I hear, and see him! [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Regan's Palace.

Enter Regan, and Steward.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself in person there?

Stew. Madam, with much ado:

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lady at home?

Stew. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?

Stew. I know not, lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted life; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with us;
The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, madam;
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what—I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather——

Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband;
I am sure of that: and, at her late being here,
She gave strange celliads, and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund: I know, you are of her bosom.

Stew. I, madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I know it:
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's:—You may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her,
So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, madam! I would
shew

What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

*The Country near Dover.**Enter Gloster, and Edgar as a peasant.**Glo.* When shall we come to the top of that same hill?*Edg.* You do climb up it now : look, how we labour.*Glo.* Methinks, the ground is even.*Edg.* Horrible steep :

Hark, do you hear the sea ?

Glo. No, truly.*Edg.* Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes anguish.*Glo.* So may it be, indeed :Methinks, thy voice is alter'd ; and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.*Edg.* You are much deceiv'd ; in nothing am I
chang'd

But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, you are better spoken.*Edg.* Come on, sir : here's the place :—stand still.—
How fearfulAnd dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low !
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Shew scarce so gross as beetles : Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire : dreadful trade !
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head :
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice ; and yon' tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock : her cock, a buoy,
Almost too small for sight : the murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high.—I'll look no more ;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.*Glo.* Set me where you stand.*Edg.* Give me your hand : You are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge : for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.*Glo.* Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse ; in it, a jewel

Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and gods,
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good sir. [*Seems to go.*]

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why do I trifle thus with his despair?—
'Tis done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty gods!

This would I do renounce; and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:

If I could bear it longer, and not fall

To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—

Now, fellow, fare thee well. [*He leaps, and falls along.*]

Edg. Gone, sir? farewell.

And yet I know not how conceit may rob

The treasury of life, when life itself

Yields to the theft: Had he been where he thought,

By this, had thought been past.---Alive, or dead?

Ho, you, sir! friend---Hear you, sir?---speak!

Thus might he pass, indeed:---Yet he revives.

What are you, sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,

Thou hadst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe;

Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.

Ten masts at each make not the altitude,

Which thou hast perpendicularly fallen;

Thy life's a miracle: Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn:

Look up a-height;---the shrill-gorg'd lark so far

Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.---

Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit.

To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,

When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,

And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm :

Up :---So :---How is't? Feel you your legs? You stand

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.

Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his eyes
Were too full moons; he had a thousand
Horns welk'd, and wav'd like the enridg'd sea;
It was some fiend: Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, 'till it do cry out itself,

Enough, enough, and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man, often 'twould say,

The fiend, the fiend: he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who
comes here?

Enter Lear, fantastically dress'd up with flowers.

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining;
I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.—There's
your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like
a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard.—Look,
look, a mouse! Peace, peace;---this piece of toasted
cheese will do't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it
on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.—O, well flown,
bird!—i' the clout, i' the clout: hewgh!—Give
the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril—with a white beard!—They
flatter'd me like a dog; and told me I had white hairs
in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say,

ay, and no, to every thing I said!--Ay and no too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there I smelt them out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: They told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie; I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember: Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life: What was the cause?---

Adultery.---

Thou shalt not die:---Die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to it, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

To't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.---
Behold yon' simpering dame,

Whose face between her forks presageth snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head,
To hear of pleasure's name;

The fitchew, nor the soyled horse, goes to 't
With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waste they are centaurs,
Though women all above;

But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends'; there's hell, there's darkness,
There is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench,
consumption;---Fie, fie, fie! pah! pah!

Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary,
To sweeten my imagination! there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought.---Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost
thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid;

I'll not love.--Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters furs, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report;---it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: Yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?---Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, fir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority: a dog's obey'd in office.---

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:

Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind

For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the
cozener.

Through tatter'd cloaths small vices do appear;

Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em:

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power

To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;

And, like a scurv politician, seem

To see the things thou dost not.- Now, now, now,
now,

Pull off my boots;---harder, harder; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mixt!
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawle, and cry :-- I will preach to thee; mark me.

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are
come

To this great stage of fools; --- This a good block; ---
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt: I'll put it in proof;
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, with attendants.

Gent. O, here he is; lay hand upon him.---Sir,
Your most dear daughter--

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune.---Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon,
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? All myself?
Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and laying autumn's dust.---

Gent. Good sir,---

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom; what?
I will be jovial; come, come, I am a king,
My masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in it. Nay come, an you
get it,

You shall get it by running. Sa, fa, fa, fa. [*Exit.*]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch;
Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: What's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot, the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here
Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, sir.

[*Exit Gent.*]

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you!

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks:

The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes,—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember:—The sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it.

[*Edgar opposes.*]

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou dy'st.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor
volk pass, And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out of my
life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vort-
night. Nay, come not near the old mun; keep out,

che vor'ye, or ise try whether your costard or my bat
be the harder! ch'ill be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch'ill pick your teeth, zir: Come; no matter
for your foyns, *[Edgar knocks him down.]*

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me:—Villain, take my
purse;

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out
Upon the English party:—O, untimely death,
death!— *[Dies.]*

Edg. I know thee well: A serviceable villain!
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.—
Let's see his pockets: these letters that he speaks of,
May be my friends.—He's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man.—Let us see:—
Leave, gentle wax, and, manners, blame us not:
'To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;
Their papers are more lawful.

Reads the Letter.

“ Let our reciprocal vows be remember'd. You
“ have many opportunities to cut him off: If your
“ will want not, time and place will be fruitfully of-
“ fered. There is nothing done, if he returns the
“ conqueror: Then am I the prisoner, and his bed
“ my gaol; from the loath'd warmth whereof deliver
“ me, and supply the place for your labour.

“ Your (wife, so I would say) affectionate servant,
“ GONERIL.”

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!—
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange, my brother! Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rake up, the most unsanctified
Of murderous lechers: and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke: For him 'tis well,

That of thy death and business I can tell.

[Exit Edgar removing the body.]

Glo. The king is mad: How stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs;
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum,
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E VII.

A tent in the French Camp.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Physician.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledged, madam, is o'erpay'd.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more, nor clipt, but so.

Cor. Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those worser hours;
I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known, shortens my made intent:
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
'Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord.—
How does the king? *[To the Physician.]*

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-chang'd father!

Phys. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed

I' the fway of your own will. Is he array'd!

Lear is brought in in a chair.

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

Phys. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there.

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white
flakes

Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning! to watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grave:
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know: When did you die?

Cor. Still, Still, far wide!

Phys. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair day-
light?—

I am mightily abus'd.—I should even die with pity,

To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—
I will not swear, these are my hands:—let's see;
I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assur'd
Of my condition!

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:—
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upwards;
Not an hour more, nor less: and, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant,
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am!

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray, weep not;
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong;
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You see, is cur'd in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Define him to go in; trouble him no more,
'Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:

Pray you now forget and forgive: I am old and foolish.

[*Exeunt Lear, Cordelia, Physician, and attendants.*]

Gent. Holds it true, sir,
That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As it is said, the bastard son to Gloster.

Gent. They say, Edgar,
His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent
In Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable.
'Tis time to look about; the powers o' the kingdom
Approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody.
Fare you well, sir. [Exit.]

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly
wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [Exit.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Camp of the British Forces, near Dover.

Enter, with drums and colours, Edmund, Regan, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Edm. **K** NOW of the duke, if his last purpose hold;
Or whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course: He's full of alteration,
And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure.

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarry'd.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me, but truly,—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the fore-fended place?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her : Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not:—

She, and the duke her husband,—

Enter Albany, Goneril, and Soldiers.

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister
Should loosen him and me. *[Aside.]*

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met.—
Sir, this I hear, the king is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It touches us as France invades our land,
Not bold the king; with others, whom I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy:
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not to question here.

Alb. Let us then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.

Gon. *[Aside.]* O, ho, I know the riddle: I will go.

As they are going out, enter Edgar disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[Exeunt. Edm. Reg. Gon. and Attendants.]

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter,
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouch'd there: If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay 'till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [Exit.

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.
Re-enter Edmund.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers,
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery; but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. [Exit.

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: To take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,—
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon: for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

A Field between the two Camps.

Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, Lear, Cordelia, and Soldiers over the stage; and exeunt.

Enter Edgar, and Gloster.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray, that the right may thrive:
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you sir! [Exit Edgar.

[Alarum, and retreat within.

Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Away old man, give me thy hand, away;
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:

Give me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No further, fir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all: Come on.

Glo. And that's true too.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

*Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, Edmund;
Lear, and Cordelia, as prisoners; Soldiers, Captain.*

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard;
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst,
For thee, oppress'd king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,—
Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;—
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The gougiers shall devour them, flesh, and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see them starve first.
Come. [*Exeunt Lear, and Cordelia, guarded.*

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note; go, follow them to prison;

One step I have advanc'd thee ; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes : Know thou this,—that men
Are as the time is : to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword :—Thy great employment
Will not bear question ; either say, thou'lt do 't,
Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I'll do 't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou hast done.
Mark,—I say, instantly ; and carry it so,
As I have set it down.

Capt. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dry'd oats ;
If it be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit Capt.*]

Flourish. Enter Albany, Goneril, Regan, and Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you have shewn to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well : You have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife :
We do require them of you ; so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard ;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen ;
My reason all the same ; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at a further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time,
We sweat, and bleed : the friend hath lost his friend ;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness :—
The question of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,

Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:

In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my rights,

By me invested, he compeers the best.

Alb. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!

That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full flowing stomach—General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason:—Edmund, I arrest thee.
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest, [*Pointing to Goneril.*]
This gilded serpent:—for your claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your banes,
If you will marry make your love to me,
My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An interlude!

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster:—Let the trumpet
sound:—

If none appear to prove upon thy person
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge; I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less.
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O sick!

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust poison.

[*Aside.*

Edm. There's my exchange: what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by the trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!

Enter a Herald.

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[*Exit Regan, led.*

Come hither, herald,—let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.

Capt. Sound trumpet.

[*Trumpet sounds.*

Herald reads.

“If any man of quality, or degree, within the
“lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, sup-
“posed earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor,
“let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet:
“He is bold in his defence.”

Edm. Sound.

[1 trumpet.

Her. Again.

[2 trumpet.

Her. Again.

[3 trumpet.

[*Trumpet answers, within.*

Enter Edgar, armed.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her. What are you?

Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-grown, and canker-bit;
Yet am I noble, as the adversary
I come to cope withal.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund earl of Gloster?

Edm. Himself;—What say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword;

That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession:—I protest,—
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despight thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour and thy heart,—thou art a traitor:
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, *No*,
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;
But, since thy out-side looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise)
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak

[*Alarum. Fight. Edmund falls.*]

Alb. Save him, save him!

Gon. This is mere practice, Gloster:
By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it:—Hold, sir:—
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—
No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.

[*Gives the letter to Edmund.*]

Gon. Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not thine:
Who shall arraign me for't?

Alb. Monster, know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not what I know. [Exit *Gon.*

Alb. Go after her; she's desperate; govern her.

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that I have done;
And more, much more: the time will bring it out;
'Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let us exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us:
The dark and vicious place, where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee:
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee or thy father!

Edg. Worthy prince, I know it.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale;—
And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!—
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near, (O our lives' sweetness!
That we the pain of death would hourly bear,
Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift
Into a mad-man's rags; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair:
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd,

Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
 I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
 Told him my pilgrimage: But his flaw'd heart,
 ('Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)
 Twixt two extremes of passion, joy, and grief,
 Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
 And shall, perchance, do good, but speak you on;
 You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more, woeful, hold it in;
 For I am almost ready to dissolve,
 Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period
 To such as love not sorrow; but, another;—
 To amplify too much, would make muchmore,
 And top extremity:—
 Whilst I was big in clamour, came there in a man,
 Who having seen me in my worst estate,
 Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
 Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
 He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
 As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father:
 Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
 That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting,
 His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
 Began to crack: Twice then the trumpet sounded,
 And there I left him trans'd.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
 Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
 Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help! help! O help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means this bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smoaks;

It came even from the heart of—O! she's dead?

Alb. Who, man? speak.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister

By her is poison'd ; she hath confes'd it.

Edm. I was contract'd to them both ; all three
Now marry in an instant.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead !---

[Goneril and Regan's bodies brought out.]

This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity.---

Edg. Here comes Kent, sir.

Alb. O ! is this he ? The time will not allow
The complement which very manners urge.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master ay good night ;
Is he not here ?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot !---
Speak, Edmund, where's the king ? and where's Cor-
delia ?---

See'st thou this object, Kent ?

Kent. Alack, why thus ?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd ;
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life :—Some good I mean to do,
Despight of mine own nature. Quickly send,
Be brief in it,—to the castle ; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia :—
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run—

Edg. To whom, my lord ?—Who has the office ? send
Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on ; take my sword,
Give it the captain.

Edg. Haste thee for thy life. *[Exit Messenger.]*

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her ! Bear him hence awhile.

[Edmund is borne off.]

Enter Lear, with Cordelia dead in his arms.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl :—O, you are men of stones ;

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
'That heaven's vault should crack :—O, she is gone for ever!—

I know when one is dead, and when one lives ;
She's dead as earth :—Lend me a looking glass ;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end ?

Edg. Or image of that horror ?

Alb. Fall, and cease !

Lear. This feather stirs ; she lives ! if it be so,
It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master! [*Kneeling.*

Lear. Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all !
I might have sav'd her ; now she's gone for ever !—
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha ?
What is thou say'st ?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low ; an excellent thing in woman :—
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Kent. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow ?

I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them skip : I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you ?
Mine eyes are none o' the best :—I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight : Are you not Kent ?

Kent. The same ; your servant, Kent :

Where is your servant Caius ?

Lear. He's a good fellow. I can tell you that :
He'll strike, and quickly too : He's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord ; I am the very man ;—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That, from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else ; all's cheerless, dark, and
deadly.

Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says ; and vain it is
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.—

You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be apply'd : For us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power :---You, to your rights ;
[*To Edgar.*

With boot, and such addition as your honours
Have more than merited:---All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings.---O, see, see !

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd ! No, no, no life.
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all ? O, thou wilt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!--

Pray you, undo this button : Thank you, sir.---

Do you see this ? Look on her, look on her lips.

Look there, look there !--- [*He dies.*

Edg. He faints !---My lord, my lord,---

Kent. Break heart ; I pr'ythee, break !

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost : O, let him pass ! he hates
him,

That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. O, he is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long :

He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.---Our present business
Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain

[*To Kent and Edgar.*]

Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls, and I must not say, no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*]

NOTE.

The tragedy of Lear is deservedly celebrated among the dramas of Shakespeare. There is perhaps no play which keeps the attention so strongly fixed: which so much agitates our passions, and interests our curiosity. The artful involutions of distinct interests, the striking opposition of contrary characters, the sudden changes of fortune, and the quick succession of events, fill the mind with a perpetual tumult of indignation, pity, and hope. There is no scene which does not contribute to the aggravation of the distress or conduct of the action, and scarce a line which does not conduce to the progress of the scene. So powerful is the current of the poet's imagination, that the mind, which once ventures within it, is hurried irresistibly along.

On the seeming improbability of Lear's conduct, it may be observed, that he is represented according to histories at that time vulgarly received as true. And perhaps, if we turn our thoughts upon the barbarity and ignorance of the age to which this story is referred, it will appear not so unlikely as while we estimate Lear's manners by our own. Such preference of one daughter to another, or resignation of dominion on such conditions, would be yet credible, if told of a petty prince of Guinea or Madagascar. Shakespeare, indeed, by the mention of his earls and dukes, has given us the idea of times more civilized, and of life regulated by softer manners; and the truth is, that though he so nicely discriminates, and so minutely describes the characters of men, he commonly neglects and confounds the characters of ages, by mingling customs ancient and modern, English and foreign.

My learned friend, Mr. Warton, who has in the *Adventurer* very minutely criticised this play, remarks, that the instances of cruelty are too savage and shocking, and that the intervention of Edmund destroys the simplicity of the story. These objections may, I think,

be answered, by repeating, that the cruelty of the daughters is an historical fact, to which the poet has added little, having only drawn it into a series by dialogue and action. But I am not able to apologise with equal plausibility for the extrusion of Gloucester's eyes, which seems an act too horrid to be endured in dramatic exhibition, and such as must always compel the mind to relieve its distress by incredulity. Yet let it be remembered that our author well knew what would please the audience for which he wrote.

The injury done by Edmund to the simplicity of the action is abundantly recompensed by the addition of variety: by the art with which he is made to co-operate with the chief design, and the opportunity which he gives the poet of combining perfidy with perfidy, and connecting the wicked son with the wicked daughters, to impress this important moral, that villainy is never at a stop, that crimes lead to crimes, and at last terminate in ruin.

But though this moral be incidentally enforced, Shakespeare has suffered the virtue of Cordelia to perish in a just cause, contrary to the natural ideas of justice, to the hope of the reader, and, what is yet more strange, to the faith of chronicles. Yet this conduct is justified by *The Spectator*, who blames Tate for giving Cordelia success and happiness in his alteration, and declares, that, in his opinion, the tragedy has lost half its beauty. Dennis has remarked, whether justly or not, that, to secure the favourable reception of *Cato*, the town was poisoned with much false and abominable criticism, and that endeavours had been used to discredit and decry poetical justice. A play in which the wicked prosper, and the virtuous miscarry, may doubtless be good, because it is a just representation of the common events of human life: but since all reasonable beings naturally love justice, I cannot easily be persuaded, that the observation of justice makes a play worse; or, that if other excellencies are equal, the audience will not always rise better pleased from the final triumph of persecuted virtue.

In the present case the public has decided. Cordelia, from the time of Tate, has always retired with victory and felicity. And, if my sensations could add any thing to the general suffrage, I might relate, I was many years ago so shocked by Cordelia's death, that I knew not whether I ever endured to read again the last scenes of the play till I undertook to revise them as an editor.

There is another controversy among the critics concerning this play. It is disputed whether the predominant image in Lear's disordered mind be the loss of his kingdom or the cruelty of his daughters. Mr. Murphy, a very judicious critic, has evinced by induction of particular passages, that the cruelty of his daughters is the primary source of his distress, and that the loss of royalty affects him only as a secondary and subordinate evil. He observes with great justness, that Lear would move our compassion but little, did we not rather consider the injured father than the degraded king.

The story of this play, except the episode of Edmund, which is derived, I think, from Sidney, is taken originally from Geoffrey of Monmouth, whom Holingshed generally copied; but perhaps immediately from an old historical ballad. My reason for believing that the play was posterior to the ballad, rather than the ballad to the play, is, that the ballad has nothing of Shakespeare's nocturnal

tempest, which is too striking to have been omitted, and that it follows the chronicle: it has the rudiments of the play, but none of its amplifications: it first hinted Lear's madness, but did not array it in circumstances: The writer of the ballad added something to the history, which is a proof that he would have added more, if more had occurred to his mind, and more must have occurred if he had seen Shakespeare.

Johnson.

END OF VOL. VII.



